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THE COMMON SENSE OF
LAWN TENNIS



BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE ART OF LAWN TENNIS

SINGLES AND DOUBLES

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME

LAWN TENNIS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS

LAWN TENNIS FOR CLUB PLAYERS

LAWN TENNIS FOR MATCH PLAYERS



WILLIAM T. TILDEN IN ACTION

12128

THE COMMON SENSE OF LAWN TENNIS

BY
WILLIAM T. TILDEN

LAWN TENNIS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, 1920-21

WITH TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

First Published in 1924

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

TO
SAM
“ A VETERAN INTERNATIONALIST ”
AND
SANDY
WHO MAY BECOME ONE

PREFACE

ONE of the ancient Sanskrit philosophers once wrote, " To make mankind realize the value of achievement, we must have men who perform great deeds and men who, with tongue or pen, can make those deeds a guiding light for all to follow.

This book, whose foreword I write with so much pleasure, is the work of a man who possesses the rare gift of being able to do both these things. In tennis William T. Tilden II is acknowledged to be the greatest player we have ever known ; as a writer on tennis he is, I think, together with A. Wallis Myers of England, the foremost authority. To all those of us who play, Mr. Tilden stands as the leader. We follow his game with admiring enthusiasm, especially in those great matches in which he has given us the best of which he is capable.

But combined with our admiration, there often comes a sense of personal discouragement. The very perfection of his game, its power, its subtlety, sets for us a standard that we know only too well is impossible of attainment. We look upward to

his achievement, but it is as a plough horse must look upward to some distant and vanishing Pegasus. Then comes one of Mr. Tilden's books, simple, straightforward talks on how he has developed his game and how others can develop theirs ; and as we read, there comes to us something of his own power of doing big things. Our limitations lessen ; our failures seem unimportant. He shows us how he has climbed his particular hill, and to those young players who aspire to follow him, he points a road that is straight and clear. I myself am a veteran of thirty years' campaign ; yet whenever I read what Mr. Tilden writes on the game he loves so well, I am always conscious of some of that old ardour that is the possession of youth.

In the following pages one seems to be chatting with Big Bill as he waits on the sidelines before a match. His comments, so searching, so sane, so illuminating, clearly proclaim him the man best fitted to inject common sense into tennis. No other tennis player does this with so much authority and simplicity ; and through all this book there runs the stimulus of a big personality, the ideals of a fine sportsman, and when we finish, it is with a feeling of content that the author is the man who represents our country in the game of games.

SAMUEL HARDY.

INTRODUCTION

WHEN one looks back over the fifty years of lawn tennis development from its crude beginnings into its present state of comparative perfection, one cannot help but be impressed by its steadiness of progress. Its development has been a gradual growth in the direction of what we see exemplified in the greatest players of to-day, and particularly in the game of the author of the pages that follow.

This growth was first marked by the successful underhand drives of Lawford. To answer these, the Renshaw brothers developed the forecourt game ; and from then on, through the period of the supremacy of the Dohertys and the magnificent tussles between Brookes and McLoughlin, each decade added new features to the game. Whether it was the flat side-arm stroke of the Doherty period, the back-hand of T. R. Pell, or the break services of McLoughlin, each new feature seems to have added something in a cumulative process that has brought the game to its present state. In the last ten years this process

has taken the form of a blending of all the developed styles.

William T. Tilden combines, somewhat in advance of his time and foreshadowing the ultimate outcome of this period, a greater variety of strokes in his equipment than any other player known to lawn tennis history. However, it is not only as the great technician and great court general that he will be gladly listened to by all followers of the sport. As the teacher of Vincent Richards, of "Sandy" Wiener and of many other young wizards of the court, Tilden can speak as a great teacher of tennis. As a member of many important committees of the National Lawn Tennis Association and the guiding spirit in many movements for the betterment of the game, Tilden can speak as a great organizer; and as the correspondent of large newspapers and the author of books, he can speak as an experienced and authoritative writer.

The great host of well-wishers of the game will welcome a chance to hear what he has to say about this period of the game, its tendencies and its players, and, above all, about "The Common Sense of Lawn Tennis."

WM. M. JOHNSTON.

SAN FRANCISCO,

July 15th, 1924.

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THE COMMON SENSE OF
LAWN TENNIS

THE COMMON SENSE OF LAWN TENNIS

CHAPTER I

"WHY TENNIS?"

SOMETIMES I am almost forced to ask "Why Tennis?" I find myself voicing this question not because I don't know the value of the game but because I am afflicted with a temperament that has always made me something of a human question mark, always asking "Why something or other?" I am not alone in my desire to ask "Why Tennis?" There are thousands of people, erudite and brilliant in their own vocations, who have so neglected their sporting education as not to understand tennis. Why should one turn to archæology, mythology, anthropology, or any other "ology," even including apology, and neglect sport? Sport—perhaps I should call it athletic competition—is a necessity and should be an integral part of every person's life. Sometimes I

wonder how so many men and women can stand the deadly grind of daily toil, and suffer the agonizing boredom of a narrow life when they could alleviate their lot by indulging in some kind of sport. Most of us work from necessity, not from any overwhelming love of our job, but every one, from childhood, plays for love of play. Men will find mental, physical and nervous relaxation and stimulus in games and return to their tasks refreshed, if only they will force themselves to make time for exercise. The human body is a marvellous machine, one part of which, the brain, is the governing driving force, but let the physical machinery of the body break down and the highest-powered brain in the world cannot long triumph. Why have our schools and colleges emphasized athletics for all students? Why has the doctrine spread yearly? Because the world has come to recognize that only by the physical fitness of its people can any nation hold its place among the powers of the world, and that organized, systematic athletic sport is one of the surest roads to physical fitness.

I do not mean that every man should set out to be a champion. Some have neither time nor opportunity. I do mean, however, that every man should have some sport to which he can turn for exercise and in which he may drop the cares and worries of his business life, whether he be office-boy or bank

president, hod-carrier or corporation executive. He will fill his position more ably and with less wear and tear on himself if he has some athletic activity on the side than if his whole existence is centred around one interest and one only.

There are many forms of sport. There are team games such as baseball, football, hockey and basketball, games that by their very nature are made essentially for scholastic or collegiate competition. These games are wonderful training for our youth. They teach subordination of the individual for the good of the whole (euphoneously called team work), they call for courage, grit and organization ; yet for all of these admirable qualities, so essential to our civilization to-day, these games do not meet the needs of the average man. They require too much time and too many participants for the business world to pause in its daily grind to play. There is a second group of games—the individual sports. Tennis, golf, track, skating, and such indoor recreations as squash rackets, bowling, pool and billiards, particularly commend themselves to the average man of to-day. These games require comparatively little time, few players, and in the main are inexpensive to play. On these games, and others of like type, the business man should build his relaxation and exercise.

Notwithstanding my own estimate of my golf

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game, which I dare not quote here, I am not esteemed as a golfer. My activities include squash rackets, pool, bowling, hockey, baseball, soccer and tennis, but unfortunately I cannot make folks believe that I play anything but tennis. Well, maybe they are right; they usually are. Therefore, since I am branded as a tennis player, I will rise to answer the pertinent and at times almost impertinent question, "Why Tennis?"

It has always seemed to me that any ideal sport must have certain inherent features. There must be demanded technical skill of an order high enough to transcend the element of luck without wholly eliminating the caprices of fortune. It must provide for the use not only of muscular power and quickness, but it must also afford an opportunity for mental alertness. There must be a place for generalship, strategy and study. The sport must also have a large personal element wherein man meets man not only in the struggle of the game but in good fellowship. The ethical standard of sportsmanship must be high that the game may be a character builder for our youth; it must be a game in which the poor sportsmen cannot survive and in which only those whose honesty is unquestioned can play. There must be real physical stress and strain to provide thrill for the players. There must be keen competition, drama in the very setting

and surroundings, something that will please the eye and ear by its grace, and by its rhythm to hold the gallery. Above all, the game must provide ample chance for participation by the business man or woman and it must yield returns in healthy vigorous exercise.

Where is there any sport that combines these elements so fully and completely as tennis? Let me draw a picture of the stage setting for one of the great championships.

A magnificent crescent of concrete, seating 15,000 people, is packed to capacity. Colours of every hue blend into the general crazy quilt of the stadium's mass of humanity. Men, women and children of many nations and many walks of life rub shoulders in the democracy of the moment, the love of the game. Within the concrete crescent is a patch of perfect turf, the championship court lined with white chalk and rolled to the smoothness of a billiard table. Seated in chairs overlooking the court are the linesmen, heroes unsung and unpaid, who are there to give judgment on the shots that will bring victory or defeat to America in the Davis Cup. Down the steps from the marquee walk two players clad in white, their rackets in their hands. They stop for a moment and smilingly shake hands across the great silver bowl known the world over as the Davis Cup, emblematic of the tennis team

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championship of the world, presented by Dwight Davis, a former champion and ex-president of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association and now Assistant Secretary of War. A howl of greeting from the multitude resounds across the courts. The men step to the net, a racket flashes in the air, the choice of court and service, there are a few quick preliminary strokes made and the voice of the umpire rings out: "First Match in the Davis Cup Singles! Challenge round. America versus Australia (or France, Spain, Japan or some other nation). Linesmen Ready! Players Ready! Play!"

Here is drama, here is competition, here is beauty, grace and suspense, but there is even more, for centred in that court is patriotism, and international courtesy and good fellowship. Can any other sport point to a more notable achievement in the advancement of civilization or a more worthy step toward international understanding and universal peace?

There is another picture in my tennis career that holds a warm spot in my memory and one that has peculiar significance in the answer to "Why Tennis?" It is a picture of a May day in New York City, a Tuesday afternoon as I recall it. The stage this time is Central Park. The court is dirt, rather bumpy and not too level, and the surface is slippery and uncertain, far different from that

wonderful concrete stadium at Forest Hills, but to me, how much more interesting and significant; for again we find the thousands of people around the court, this time on the natural stadium of God's hills; again the yell of welcome, but this time it is to their countrymen alone. Where, at Forest Hills, a multitude had gathered and paid an admission fee to witness the play, to-day these people had come to enjoy without expense the same men who would defend the cup for their country. It was a happy, laughing, joking crowd to whom Wm. M. Johnston, Vincent Richards and I were "Little Bill," "Vinnie" and "Big Bill." I felt that it was a signal honour that these people paid us by so claiming us as their own and to me, at least, it was an inspiration. We were playing for a purpose, to provide the public interest necessary to rouse the municipality to build new public courts where the work-a-day man could have his relaxation and amusement under healthful conditions of sport. Our gallery proved that they realized the need of these courts and wanted them. They were the clearest answer to "Why Tennis?" I ever have heard. Why should not any public which turns out 10,000 people to watch exhibition tennis at six o'clock on a Tuesday in May, have the fullest chance to play and watch the game if they enjoy it to that extent? Surely so spontaneous a public

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endorsement is a better answer to "Why Tennis?" than any that I can give.

It is not with any idea of making the case of Tennis versus the questioner any stronger, but rather as a somewhat more complete explanation that I continue the discussion. Tennis is the most universally played sport in the world. The same rules and scoring, ethics and implements encircle the globe. A man who plays tennis in any civilized society has an entry which will prove far more potent than his visiting card or a whole page in "Who's Who."

Tennis, as the business man of to-day plays it, is a sport that requires little time and comparatively little expense to play. It requires about an hour to play two or three sets, enough for anyone to gain the full value of its healthy exercise and to settle the agitation as to who is the better man. The best tennis rackets sell from \$12.50 to \$15.00, but in these days of high-grade wood, silk waterproof stringing, steel or magnesium frames and wire strings, a man may buy a racket with reasonable certainty that he will not need to invest in another for some seasons. Please do not imagine that I mean that a champion or a player who is competing regularly in tournaments, can count on one racket to carry him through the season or even through one tournament. I am referring to the man who is merely

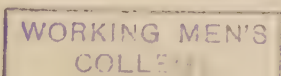
playing tennis for exercise and incidentally to settle the supremacy of his apartment house, city block, or business office. The expense of balls is not negligible, but, except in match play, one set of three balls should be serviceable for several weeks. In fact the advent of the stitchless, seamless ball has increased the life of the ball by many days. There are many public courts where a man may play at a nominal charge, or without charge, if he belongs to that great group of tennis enthusiasts who have no club affiliations, and should he desire to join a club for his tennis, almost every city or town has its club or clubs with adequate facilities. It is not a difficult matter, especially under daylight saving ordinances, to arrange one's affairs so that one hour of daylight is free for play. Most men and women have some tennis-playing friend near enough at hand to meet them two or three times a week in that free hour for tennis. The brisk exercise, the thrill of competition, the excitement of victory, the shower and rubdown will do wonders for the tired and shopworn individual. I can quite clearly see the difficulties that the football or baseball enthusiast would encounter if he set out to gather twenty-two or eighteen friends, as the case might be, to engage in a little friendly pastime. I can even understand why the marathon exponent might be somewhat coldly received when he ten-

dered his invitation to his friend for a little twenty-five mile run this afternoon, but I greatly doubt if anyone would be rudely and continuously repulsed if he started out to find a man to meet on the tennis court.

Every person is more or less a student of human nature. The personal equation is of vital interest to us all. We enjoy pitting ourselves against the other man and proving ourselves the better. We usually find ample and repeated opportunities to tell of it. The occasions on which we did not prove ourselves the better man were mishaps over which we wisely draw the curtain. They will receive ample publicity from our conqueror. No sport presents the personal equation so clearly, or brings the personal element into such direct conflict and comparison as does tennis. It is your shot against your opponent's, your brain against his brain, your wind against his, your feet against his, your courage against his and finally your luck against his luck. What a thrill it is, even to an old stager like myself, now in the sere and yellow of the "veteran internationalist" class, expecting annually to totter over the brink of old age, still to be able at times to outguess the other fellow! I can appreciate the repeated thrills he is enjoying as I see his shots float by me unexpectedly to uncovered corners of my court. Play tennis. It

will teach you much about the workings of the human mind ; incidentally it will do much to restore any faith you may have lost in the inherent honesty of human nature, for I know of no place where a man rings more true to himself, and usually to his best self, than in the heat of a tennis match.

The normal human being loves drama, human vibrant emotion, rather than the saccharine platitudes of which we are fed large portions in the movies. Sport builds drama. The keenness of competition, the battle of physical and mental forces, the play of patriotism or personal glory all are inherently dramatic. Some of the most thrilling memories of my life, moments when I felt the urge of big honest emotion, the sort that grips you by the throat and dims your eyes, have been staged around the tennis court. They hold almost equal significance as drama with those moments of drama which I have experienced in my private life, calling from me not such personal joy or sorrow but emotion and exaltation just as sincere and true as any that I have known. Clearly I recall the pulsing excitement that swept through me as a boy when I first saw the flashing, brilliant, lovable Maurice McLoughlin, dear old Maury of loving memory, now but a tradition of American tennis, as he swam into the ken of the Eastern tennis public. Well I remember the stunned, almost



crushed thousands who watched Maurice McLoughlin, who two weeks before had defeated the mighty Norman E. Brooks and Anthony F. Wilding of Australia in the Davis Cup, go down to staggering, almost humiliating defeat, at the hands of R. N. Williams, 2nd. Sorrow, sincere and heartfelt, swept the gallery. None would attempt to deny Williams the glory of his achievement, but all present felt as if they were watching the death of a king, as in fact they were. Never again was McLoughlin the player he had been. The glowing warmth of his smile, his generosity and sportsmanship in defeat, his whole-hearted admiration for his conqueror and friend built a monument to himself that still stands in tennis annals. The spectators who saw that match departed saddened yet uplifted, by the clean-cut sportsmanship of the men. They were better for the game. All, including many who did not even play the game, had reaped one reward from tennis.

I have watched players battle to the point of complete collapse, playing only on sheer nerve and courage that would not admit defeat. A game that holds so strong an appeal and can imbue a man with that sort of love for it is a game worth while to any nation. I have seen players, because they felt that an injustice had been done their opponent through some mistake in decision, fail

to return the next point, even though they knew that this generosity might cost them the match. It is the unwritten law of tennis that your opponent should receive the benefit of the doubt. Any game whose ethical standard is on so high a plane is a character builder of great value, one which should be taught to our boys and girls as a real asset for their future life.

CHAPTER II

DO'S AND DON'TS FOR THE DUB

I AM not writing this book for the expert, the tournament star, the champion. If there is anything in it of interest to him, I am delighted, for it proves two things ; first, that I have succeeded in giving something of value to tennis ; second, that he still remembers the day when he was a Dub. I was a Dub, one of the dubbiest Dubs that ever struggled through the various classes of Dubdom. My years of Dub-tennis were so many that I can recall them far more clearly than those glorious ones when I started to rise from the mass to that goal, the championship, that once attained, I now wish were still ahead of me. There is joy in the stirring toward a goal. Often the attainment of that goal is a resultant disappointment. If it were not that I still remember well my days as a Dub, the championship title might well prove a bitter disappointment.

Champions are seldom born but often made. Sometimes it is hard work that makes them, some-

times luck, usually a combination of both. This was the combination in my case. Let us consider the process of evolution of a tennis player, by which I mean the average tennis player, not fortunate boys like Sandy Wiener or Emmett Pare, who by virtue of natural athletic ability and friendship with some great player, through the instruction of the star avoids the average pitfalls of Dubdom.

Such a boy starts out as a tennis player instead of as a Dub. I started as a first-class Dub. Please do not think I am urging you to start as a Dub if you can begin as a tennis player. It is not absolutely essential to be a Dub if you want to be a champion. You will save years by avoiding the Dub class.

What is a First-class Dub? A player who attempts to make every shot overhead, no matter how low the ball bounces. Journey out to any public park or tennis club and watch the novices who are just taking up the game. They grasp their rackets like Indian clubs, axes or possibly war clubs. The ball, often by accident, is hit to them and they swing, frequently using two hands on it. I fancy that the two-handed method is a natural throwback to our stone age ancestors who used their mighty weapons in some such general manner. Be that as it may, the novice at times swings furiously and often vainly, as if

he were chopping wood, or possibly cracking a few skulls with a battle-axe. The result is disastrous and at times painful. I well remember that while passing through this two-handed overhead class, in the days of my extreme youth, I not only missed the ball completely (I can still do that) but hit myself on the knee-cap or some other exposed portion of my person. Gradually it is borne in on the consciousness of the Dub that two hands are not necessary to swing a racket and at that moment he becomes a right- or left-handed Dub and takes his first step up the ladder.

The chopping method of swinging is very popular with mankind. We chop wood, ice, meat and various other commodities, and start right in chopping a tennis ball. Unfortunately a tennis ball will not bounce high enough to chop every time. This results in the famous First-class Dub stroke, the overhead forehand drive, usually made kneeling on the court. It is a tremendous physical feat to accomplish. I could not possibly do it now; I am too old, but in my youth I spent hours vainly trying to hit overhand a shot that bounced less than waist high. Experience is a wonderful teacher and after some months, or possibly years, a Dub gradually recognizes the fact that every shot cannot be played overhead and he decides to try to hit the ball underhand. It is at this point he ascends

another step and becomes the Second-class Dub.

Now it is almost as impossible to make every shot underhand as it is to play every one overhand, and yet the mind of a Dub is a single-track mind and when he has discarded the overhand for the underhand he concentrates on it. Well do I remember my futile struggles with the underhand shot. Like all Dubs I developed the shovel shot usually made on a pick-up or near pick-up, often with two hands. The effect was to send the ball high in the air, often toward my own backstop. Fortunately there is a more rapid cure for the underhand Dub than for his immediate ancestor, because very shortly after starting this new underhand stroke you miss the ball and hit yourself on the forehead, or nose, or in the mouth, as the case may be. Only a few of these gentle reminders are needed to convince one that the stroke is wrong. You then discard it and decide to swing neither overhead nor underhand, but around the waist—and at that moment you leave the Dub class and become a tennis player.

The foregoing, notwithstanding its element of frivolity, holds sound common-tennis-sense. The basis of every tennis player's game must be a stroke made at the side, about waist high, hitting directly at his opponent's court. No one can build his game successfully on an overhead or underhand shot

alone, although each has its place in the repertoire of every player. The point I wish to make is that no matter how terribly a Dub you may appear, experience and practice will carry you into the class of tennis players.

I am a great believer in the Dub in any game. It is the Dub who breeds champions, who carries on the traditions of the game, who follows it the most keenly, who really enjoys it the most, who reaps its richest rewards of pleasure, and who makes it possible for the game to live and progress. No champion is as big as the game, yet no game is as big as the Dub, for the Dub makes the game possible. If there is one thing in the world I thoroughly enjoy it is to help some boy develop from the Dub class into a great player. The only thing that I would seriously regret if I am professionalized because I write, would be the fact that no longer could I aid the Dub.

The Dub does so many things incorrectly because no one ever told him they were wrong. Watch the average Dub play tennis and you will see him taking his eye off the ball long before he hits it, standing facing the net, gripping his racket wrong, playing in the middle of the court and transgressing all the other laws of tennis, yet he will make good shots, win matches and have a glorious time in doing it. Somehow I envy him his Dubship yet I want to

correct him for he may be a great player in embryo.

Why should anyone become discouraged with a game? After all it is only sport, and should be played for sport's sake. There is no need to take it seriously, except when you are actually playing it. Play any game to win and for the very best there is in you while you are engaged in competition, but once you are done, do not worry about it, or let your weaknesses or lack of success upset you. You have gained the real reward of the game in pleasure of playing it, in its healthful exercise, and in the comradeship of competition. The ultimate victory or defeat is of minor consideration. Naturally, every one wants to excel in whatever he undertakes; it is one of the strongest and best manifestations of human nature. I believe that a person regains from any game rewards in direct ratio to the effort he puts into it. Therefore, I strongly urge everyone to become as expert as possible at whatever sport he plays. It will increase his enjoyment and supplement his education. There are so many wrong ways of playing tennis that I often think sign-posts of danger are more necessary than arrows of instruction. I am about to erect for the novice a few sign posts of danger which even the expert may do well to observe.

Sign-post Number One:

DON'T TAKE YOUR EYE OFF THE BALL! In this

alarm, the keynote of all games played with a moving object is struck and sounded clear and loud. Why does the batter fan the air in baseball? Why does the defensive back in football fumble the high punt? Why does even the golfer miss an easy shot? Why does the tennis-player net his return of service? Because in every case he has allowed his eye to leave the ball a fraction of a second too soon and by so doing has misjudged its speed or distance. Naturally, any man prefers to see the place to which he intends to hit a ball. He must see it at some time or he cannot judge his shot, yet in the case of tennis players he cannot afford to do this at the moment of hitting the ball or he will miss his aim. The glance at his opponent's court must be obtained when the opponent is making his return and from then until the ball is returned again a player should watch it closely and uninterruptedly. When you analyse the situation, there is no essential reason why a player should look away from the ball and at his opponent's court. The court, net, backstops, and other fixtures are permanent. Nothing short of an earthquake or other act of God will move them during play, and if that comes, play will stop anyway. There is no need to watch your opponent, because you are not trying to hit him with your shot, but to miss him and to put the ball where he



W. T. TILDEN WITH ALEX. L. (SANDY) WIENER, HIS
STAR



BRIAN I. C. NOEL AND WILLIAM I. TILDEN, NATIONAL
DOUBLES CHAMPIONS, 1901

MY DOUBLES PARTNERS

is not. The only object in motion which is in direct contact with the player is the ball itself, so why not concentrate on that until a successful return has been made?

Sign-post Two :

DON'T FACE THE NET WHEN MAKING A STROKE !

It is the most natural action in the world for a man to face whatever he meets, unless he be a coward, and then he uses the other broadside. Yet in tennis the wise player neither fights the ball with his face nor runs from it, but slides off and squares up to it as if he were boxing. Few of us are wise players. At the opening of every season I find myself standing up full face to the net, attempting to play my shots, until common sense comes to my rescue and I return to first principles and start over again sideways. Let me make myself clear. Always await the ball facing the net, but once you see on which side the shot is to be played, fore-hand or backhand, turn sideways so that your shoulders are parallel to the sideline of the court and the line of your feet and swing of your racket is directly along the line on which you wish to make your shot.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred players stand squarely facing the net and swing the racket in a circle around the body. Consider for a moment the effect of this.

The swing, as mentioned, is a circle. The ball in its flight is a tangent to it. Now it is an established geometric fact that a tangent to a circle touches the diameter at but one point. Therefore, there is but one point where ball and swing are joined in real contact. The object is to meet the ball cleanly and drive it straight, yet in the circular swing that is possible at over one point if you stand with your body parallel to the net. Certainly your chances of making a clean shot, no matter what stroke you use, are about as unfavourable as they possibly can be.

Suppose you face off the court and turn your body sideways. Your arm then swings in a straight line parallel to the flight of the ball; in fact, the racket travels along the identical plane.

It is easy to see you have increased materially the distance in which the ball may be met fairly, and therefore have increased materially your chances of a good return. Yet your stroke is unaltered. All you have done is to change from facing the net to standing sideways. Surely, it is well worth the slight trouble of the movement.

Sign-post Three :

DON'T TRY TO KILL EVERY SHOT ! Don't hit too hard !

The one great God of American Sport is speed. It is speed that has made idols of Ty Cobb, Charlie

Paddock, Joie Ray, Billy Johnston, Gene Sarazen, Man-O-War, Johnnie Weismuller, Jay Gould and others. Every man, woman and child has an inborn love of speed. Yet speed alone, speed without control, is useless, dangerous and absolutely foolish. Speed, tempered with judgment and control, is the goal to which all athletes should drive. Every tennis player, from Dub to Champion, wants to be known for his speed. It is this desire that leads so many players into the disastrous error of trying to kill every shot they make. Please do not make the mistake of thinking that I am advocating pat-ball. Far from it! But I am urging that a player use speed only when he has a reasonable chance of success or when he is at a hopeless disadvantage. There are certain types of wrong speed, or overhitting if I may so term it, that every novice falls into. The first and worst is the wasted first service, slugged blindly by a player because he thinks that he has another chance. One fault is a mistake but a double fault is a tennis crime. There is really no excuse for it. Service is given to you to open the play, to start the game. It has developed to a point where it is a marked advantage to the server.

Why should a player throw at least half of this advantage away by slugging his first service so fast that it has little or no chance of landing in court?

I have watched dozens of players of experience time and again crash their first service wildly into the net and out of court simply for the fun of hitting hard. The reaction on their next ball is often so great that they either miss it or set up a little easy pop-fly delivery that their opponent may hit hard with a reasonable chance of success. Thus they have handed over the offensive to their opponent when they should have taken it themselves. I believe that a player should hit his service as hard as he can while retaining full control of the ball. It is seldom that I use my so-called cannon ball delivery and then only when I am certain of my control on my second delivery so that I can afford to miss my first. I never count on my fast service as a point winner: I regard it only as a happy accident if I score with it. Speed can always be handled. Control and placement plus speed is what wins.

I often hear players say in excuse for a shot wasted by them, "Well I was 40-0 up—I could afford it." Personally I do not believe a player can ever deliberately waste a shot and afford it. If he is trying something to win, practising a definite stroke or learning a new attack—yes, then he can; but if he just plugs the shot for the fun of hitting hard, I say that he cannot afford it. Remember that most points in tennis are lost by nets or outs and

not won by clean carried points. Therefore you should strive to keep the ball in play so that your opponent may reap the harvest of nets and outs, until he gives you a chance that will permit you to hit hard for an earned point.

Study the great players and see how they wait for their openings. Billy Johnston with his tremendous forehand drive of blinding speed only brings it out when the ball is just where he wants it. The other shots are of good speed but not the all-powerful wallops of his point winners. R. N. Williams, 2nd, is a more relentless advocate of speed, but even he, in later years, has sacrificed a little speed for greater accuracy and safety. Vincent Richards, Manuel Alonso, B. I. C. Norton, and Zenzo Shimizu all rely on accuracy until their opening comes, when they produce the speed that at times you think they lack. Even J. O. Anderson, the great Australian star, who is noted for his speed, is turning more and more to waiting for his opening. If these great stars all agree on this method why should not the novice follow their example, safe in the knowledge he is copying the world's best? Maurice E. McLoughlin made speed the god of American tennis, but with his retirement a normal reaction to controlled speed set in, because those of us who followed him are not McLoughlins in our physical equipment.

Sign-post Four :

DON'T LOSERSIDE YOUR GAME. DON'T FAVOUR ONE SHOT.

Human nature is very partisan. We like one person and dislike another, and cannot tell why. We enjoy one game and are bored by another, yet the reason escapes. In tennis, most players delight to make one shot and perfect it above the rest of their game, and dislike to make another and never learn how it should be played. This is a fatal error for anyone who wishes to succeed in tennis to-day. The day of the one-shot game is gone. Even the day of the lopsided game is vanishing. No longer will a great service carry a player to fame : nor can a man drive himself to the heights with merely a forehand. The game of to-day, and, even more so, the game of the future, must be well rounded and without weakness. Even so outstanding a service, volley and overhead as that of Maurice McLoughlin or Gerald Patterson cannot cope with the all-round mastery of Wm. M. Johnston. The weakness in the ground strokes of Vincent Richards, or the backhand of Francis Hunter, will practically keep them from winning the American Singles Championship—great players though they are. Even the slight hole in the defence of J. O. Anderson on his backhand has cost him the very high honours. Most players enjoy the forehand shot and rather dislike the backhand since it is more or less

unnatural. Such being the case, most players, especially novices, form the habit of running around their backhand shots to play them on their forehand, with the result that while they develop a good forehand, they have a weak and at times almost a useless backhand. The weakness in Hunter's and Anderson's backhand is due to this practice. I consider this a grave error in judgment for any young player to make—even though it may, for a time, win many matches. I strongly advocate playing the shots from the side on which they naturally should be played until both shots are equally sound and normal. I also believe that while a player should make the foundation of his attack either from the net or the baseline, he should not entirely neglect the one which he is not perfecting. Defence must always be a baseline game, and since no attack can successfully be launched except from a firm foundation and sound defence, I advocate perfecting the baseline game first. I believe that the net attack is the ultimate end and should be learned. I see no reason why anyone with a sound body and normal mind and the willingness to practise cannot learn all shots in tennis. There is nothing mysterious about them. They are all based on sound scientific principles. This is not a book of instruction in strokes. This is merely an attempt to point the way and to uncover the danger points along the road to success.

One finds lots of other Danger Signals along the road. Most of them explain themselves. They are, for example :

5. DON'T FOOL IN PRACTICE. It destroys concentration.

6. DON'T BECOME DISCOURAGED. Watch your progress season by season, not day by day.

7. DON'T GET ANGRY AT YOURSELF OR YOUR OPPONENT IN A MATCH. This will only tend to make you nervous and injure your game.

8. DON'T WORRY OVER THE BREAKS OF LUCK. They will even up in the long run.

9. DON'T UNDERESTIMATE YOUR OPPONENT OR OVERESTIMATE YOURSELF.

10. DON'T CONSIDER YOURSELF A CHAMPION AFTER THE FIRST MATCH THAT YOU WIN. Over-confidence and self-satisfaction kill progress.

Only by study and hard work can a player advance. No one ever stands still. You go forward or back, and the first step back is when you think you have arrived. There is a solution to every problem, and someone will solve your game unless you continue working on it. Some place in the world there is a player better than the best player now known. Look out that you don't meet him.

CHAPTER III

THE FINE POINTS OF PLAYING TENNIS

TENNIS has two main divisions : Singles and Doubles, and a somewhat doubtful offspring bearing bar-sinister, Mixed Doubles. It is of each of these divisions that I would write. Let me offer a word of explanation as to why I write of doubles. It is a necessity in any book on tennis. I have been told for years that I know nothing about doubles. I have been termed "the world's worst doubles player." It has been stated that when I play doubles I "park my intelligence outside the stadium." It has been questioned whether I know anything about doubles. However, one cannot offer a book on tennis without dealing at some length with doubles, so in the following portion I am going to offer what little of the strategy, tactics and strokes of the doubles games I know and refer the reader to others for expert opinion on court-position, doubles, team-work (and, incidentally, mixed doubles).

SINGLES

Singles is the game of tennis played by two people. There are men's singles, ladies' singles, boys' singles, girls' singles, and, the most universal of all, Dub singles. Singles is the game of speed, punch, brawn and power. It has not the delicate finesse of position that is essential in doubles, yet a thorough knowledge of position and tactics is a necessity to back up the finishing punch of the strokes. One cannot lay down hard-and-fast rules to follow in tactics because a great player varies his game to meet the strength and weakness of his opponent, but there are certain general laws which may be accepted and observed in nine cases out of ten.

The one great law of match play is never to give your opponent a shot he likes to play, if you can possibly avoid it. Every great star knows this rule, and meetings between two first-class men are battles of wits to see which man can reach the other's weakness and avoid his strength. Study your opponent as soon as you take the court to warm up, and watch for his favourite stroke. He will always disclose it in practice, since he will want to tune it up before play commences. Once you have located this stroke, keep your attack centred elsewhere.

There are certain players, notably J. O. Anderson

of Australia, whose favourite shot can only be defeated by seeming to attack it. Let me point out clearly this seeming contradiction in the actual method of playing Anderson. His greatest stroke is his forehand drive, especially when he hits it from his left-hand side of the court (in other words, runs around his backhand). Anderson knows that every one fears his forehand, with the result that he stands well over to his backhand sideline and when a player hits for his backhand, Anderson steps around the ball and plays it on his forehand, his favourite shot. The method of attacking this strength is to play down the forehand sideline, an unexpected shot and one which robs Anderson of his favourite angle shot, so that Anderson must run far to his right, thus opening up the backhand side to such an extent that your second return will reach his weakness. He has not time to recover and run around the second shot but is forced to play it off his backhand. Thus you are compelling him to play the shot he doesn't like, his backhand, by actually playing to his strength on your first shot.

If you find yourself facing a confirmed baseline player, one who always stands on the backline and drives off the bounce, you should attempt to draw him into the mid-court or to the net with short shots. If you are playing a man whose whole game is based on the net attack, you should attempt to

neutralize it by taking the net yourself, thus forcing him back, or, if you cannot do this, resort to a high lobbing campaign that will tend to force him away from the barrier.

There are two distances on a tennis court, depth and angle, which should always be consciously considered in making a shot. A stroke should always be deep or very short, never mid-court, because this allows a player too great a chance to take the offensive. Against a man who is playing you from the baseline, average depth is essential. Your shot should bounce midway between the service line and the backline. Against the net man you may employ a short shot, particularly a cross-court one, with excellent effect. The straight passing shot against a net man may be either short or deep. There are two general rules for shot direction.

1. The straight shot is the passing shot, the outright winner, particularly against the net man. This is proved by the simple geometric fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points in consequence of which the player has a minimum of time to cover the shot.

2. The cross-court or angle shot is the one to use to make an opening through which to drive for the point. This is the shot to use to tire a man, since he is forced to run the greatest distance to recover it.

Straight shots should be hit harder on the average than cross-court shots, because the angle of the cross-court shot makes it harder to hold the stroke in court and requires greater accuracy and control.

Court position in singles is a far more simple matter than in doubles, but it is no less important, if a player is to succeed. There are the two general styles of game. 1. The Baseline or Back-Court Game. 2. The Net Game. The so-called all-court style exemplified by William M. Johnston, Vincent Richards, and myself, is not all-court in the sense of playing all over the court, but is a combination in equal strength of the Baseline and Net games. The Baseline Game should be played from about three feet behind the backline, so that the player may advance on a shot as he hits it. If drawn into mid-court by a short return, the player should at once retreat to his former position. The Net Game should be played about six to ten feet from the net, and the part of the court parallel to the net which you cover is determined by the position of the ball in your opponent's court. Your stand should be six to ten feet back from the net and about two feet closer to the centre of the court than a straight line or flight of the ball if it were returned parallel to its nearest sideline.

It is my opinion that one need never cover more

than two-thirds of a tennis court, since there is at least one-third into which it is impossible to hit the ball often enough to be dangerous. A lucky shot might fall in the blank third once in a while, but a player continually trying for this would lose so many more points than he would gain that you could afford to allow him every chance to try the shots. This "impossible third" varies with every shot. If the ball is sharply angled, "the impossible third" lies at the opposite sideline and close to the net. If the ball is deep, the "impossible third" is spread across the court close to the net. Actually, I fancy that it is nearer a quarter than a third of the court that is unguarded, yet a great player figures on about a third.

The singles game is the game of thrills. It is the game that lives in one's memory. There are very few doubles matches I recall with any emotion other than disgust. This is doubtless a proof of the oft-repeated comments on my poor doubles. The High Spots of my tennis career have all been in singles.

One seldom realizes that one is touching the high spots of one's life until they are passed and one looks back on them in the quiet, calm meditation of advancing years. From the sere and yellow of my twenty-fifth tennis season (I was quite young when I took up the game) I am baring my soul of its inmost

thoughts to tell a waiting world (waiting, but not for this) of the matches I consider the High Spots of my tennis career.

The first one I recall clearly was played in 1901. The place was the Onteora Club, in the Catskill Mountains. The enthusiastic gallery consisted of my mother, my hated rival's mother, our respective brothers, and Miss Maud Adams, or should I say Peter Pan. The reason I recall this as my first great match is because I defeated my ancient and honourable opponent 6-0, 0-6, 19-17 and won my first cup. I was aged 7 years. From then until the present I have passed through the fire of nearly twenty years of Dubdom and five years of International competition, during which time victory and defeat have met me impartially. Out of my haze of tennis, certain matches stand apart, shining like beacon-lights, owing to some element of drama, some incident of note, or possibly for the closeness and quality of the competition. I am asked frequently which match I regard as the greatest that I ever played. I answer at once, "the match that I played Billy Johnston in"—and then I pause. Which one of the matches against Johnston is my greatest match I cannot say. One moment I believe it was our meeting in 1919, when he defeated me in the finals of the United States Championship. Then I recall 1920, when I turned the tables and

reversed the verdict. Certainly 1922, with its bitter struggle in the final round of the championship singles, when Johnston seemed certain of victory, only to falter with it in his grasp, must rank with the best matches of my life. I cannot lay claim to any strong conviction as to which match I would pick, although I lean to the 1922 meeting, but unreservedly I say, "the match I played Billy Johnston in," as a partial answer.

Perhaps the most dramatic, from the standpoint of the spectator, was that match of 1922, regardless of the quality of tennis played.

The spectators were suffering more a strain, if possible, than the players, and really gave me some relief from the tension.

I remember at one point, with the victory in the balance, there was a sudden silence and a woman, right behind the screen, said in an agonized voice, "Oh, my God."

Those who witnessed the match will remember one shot I made. I reached the ball in a desperate effort, not expecting at all to get it back, and lobbed it high over Billy's head. It might as well have gone over the backwall, but it dropped just inside the baseline, an "impossible" shot. Just then, while I still was reeling toward the backstop, a man just outside the wire jumped from his seat and screamed:

“He’s a liar. He didn’t do it. No one could do it.”

Most tennis players and all tennis critics are prone to take a match at its face value without inquiring into conditions attending it. What is a great match?

Most people will assert it is one in which both men play good tennis to a close exciting finish. I cannot agree. To me a great match is one in which the elements of drama exist. It must have personality, magnetism, individuality, not merely mechanical perfection and cleverness.

One of the greatest matches of my career, the one in which I personally believe I reached the peak of my tennis game, one which I regard as hard fought and well played, I won by the score of 6-0, 6-0, 6-2. This match (against Manuel Alonso in the 1923 American Championship) had colour and personality owing to Alonso’s game fight against, for once, a flawless game. On the other hand, I regard my defeat by Johnston in 1919 in three straight sets one of my great matches, because Johnston by sheer artistry prevented my playing good tennis when I would have been playing at the top of my game, if he had not tied me into knots by his own superlative game. It was a magnificent exhibition by Little Bill. A great player who is defeated in an important match is usually as good

as the victor allows him to be, a point that very few spectators realize. Many times, after I have been defeated, people have come to me in all sincerity and told me that I lost because I was off form. Actually I had lost because the other man played so well that he did not allow me to play my game, not because that game was off form. Tennis players and tennis spectators should always give the victor credit for forcing the loser to appear in poor form. No tennis player, who is really good, can play three sets and not reach somewhere near his best form, unless he is ill, or his opponent causes him to err.

Many critics have told me that I am careless and do not go out to beat a man as decisively as I can. The latter portion of their statement is true of my less important matches, but not the former. The reason I do not attempt to blow every man off the court as speedily as possible is twofold. First, if he is a young and promising player, why should I blast his confidence in his game? Second, and more often my reason, I am saving my reserve force until a big match, when I will need it. Most great matches are swung by reserve in the pinch. It is the player who has the poise, mental and physical, to force the issue in the fifth set who usually noses out close struggles. A pulverizing, crushing attack always takes its toll from the attacker as well as from his

opponent. I prefer to save that attack until I need it rather than to waste it. My match against Johnston in 1922 is a case in point.

Billy Johnston is just as great a tennis player, if not greater, than I am. By that I mean, that he has a technical equipment that is fully as sound as my own. Johnston is a "go-getter." He goes out and gets every match by as small a score as possible. The comparison of the scores made by Johnston and myself on our march to the final round of the championship in 1922 gave Johnston a distinct edge on me. Yet we arrived at the same place with Johnston slightly worn mentally and physically. The final match opened with Johnston launching his strongest attack. It proved so strong that for two sets he dominated the situation, but in so doing he drained his physical reservoir to the last drop. From then, when he led two sets to none, to the end of the match, which I won in five sets, he only once threatened, when he led 3-0 in the fourth set, a lead which he amassed by the mighty will and wonderful courage that forced his failing body to its last stand. Even Johnston's determination could not carry him along without reserve. He was an automobile without gas, a mighty machine, powerless without its reserve fuel.

He had overestimated his reserve and drawn too heavily on it at first. Possibly he had under-

estimated my lasting power. It is a terrible thing to overestimate your reserve and to be forced to finish on nothing but your nerve. That was the mistake I made in 1921 in the Davis Cup Challenge round when I played Shimizu a few short weeks after a serious illness. Only a fortunate accident saved me a straight set defeat. Had I lost, I would have had only myself to blame, because I drew too heavily on my reserve early in the match. Match tennis is essentially a psychological study, a battle of wits. Most of the world's leading players are so closely matched in ability that the result hinges on the mental competition. Any man or woman who is willing to practise under correct methods can master the strokes of tennis. It is their use, once they are mastered, that wins tennis matches. Tactics, strategy, courage and willingness to fight to the end, not shots, are the deciding issue in every great tournament. It is the combination of these qualities that makes Billy Johnston too great. His admirers (and I am one of his most loyal) say that he is a man who won't be beaten. I have seen him give ample proof of it. Many times when Johnston faces certain defeat, he turns it into victory by refusing to admit the possibility of defeat.

Much of the foregoing is a plea for training. Sensible training—in other words, preparation for



W. M. JOHNSTON



R. N. WILLIAMS



VINCENT RICHARDS



ALEXANDER L. (SANDY) WIENER

AN AMERICAN BIG THREE AND A FUTURE CHAMPION

a match—is usually the signpost to a high spot in tennis. No man can succeed consistently who is not in good condition mentally and physically. False stimulation, no matter what its origin, will not carry a man to victory over any period of time. A player who believes that he can rely on any reserve save the one which nature builds up, is due for disappointment and defeat.

I cannot say that I am a believer in rigid training rules as exemplified by the college training table system of certain definite food, certain definite hours of sleep and certain definite exercise. I believe that this method will tend to wear down a man's nerves and cause him to regard his sport too seriously. I can see why this method is splendid preparation for any one given event, such as a crew race or a track event, but for a man who is playing his sport at high tension over a period of months, it is too stringent. Staleness is usually mental, not physical, so that any system that forces a man to remember his sport all the time over a long period tends to staleness rather than to good condition. I prefer under-condition to over-condition, for in the first case you can improve as you play, while in the latter you go from bad to worse. No set rules can be drawn to provide perfect training for every one. Individual reaction should determine each person's method of holding good condition and avoiding

staleness. Once the laws of health and hygiene are admitted as the foundation, the building of a system on that foundation should vary in every case. Ty Cobb uses light beer and a purgative once a month as a way to avoid staleness. It is not the physical reaction he obtains that does him good, but his belief in the method. I acquire the same mental result through the theatre or bridge, without the physical revolution. Never allow your sport to become your master. Always regard it as a sport. If it gets on top of you, and you worry over it, you will go stale in one week and collapse in two. If you always retain your love of the game and play it solely for the joy of competition, I believe that you can play all year, every year, and never grow stale. Food, climate and physical stress and strain will not break you down or build you up as quickly as your own mastery of your mental view-point. I should like Coué. I should pick as my tennis motto :

I am master of my Fate—I am the Captain of my soul.

Honestly, I believe that athletic condition depends on the sound balance of one's mentality, and that training is nothing more serious than leading a normal life which will keep a sound head on your shoulders under all circumstances.

Many a great match has been lost because the man

who lost it, lost his head just previously. Nerves, irritability and supersensitiveness are symptoms of an abnormality in living. It may be an abnormality of personal life or that of our civilization, yet the effect is much the same. One reason why I am a strong advocate of sports is because they are sound, normal and sane in their inherent traditions. Sports tend to bring the individual back to that normalcy which is the best in the world.

Tennis has taught me whatever self-control, patience and courage I possess. I was a nervous, high-strung, temperamental, ridiculously sensitive boy. Many of these qualities are still with me, but to-day they are under control. The vicissitudes of the tennis court have ironed out many of the foolish wrinkles of my childhood and have taught me the great lesson of training: normalcy of life. High Spots are not normal. That is why we enjoy them. It is the contrast with the deadly dullness of monotonous existence that causes the thrill of the moment and the glow of tender memory of such High Spots. Yet, could our whole life be lived on the plane of these moments? Would we not break down under the tension? I know that I am thankful for the High Spots of my tennis career, and still more thankful that I have had no more. I am most thankful for the normalcy

of training that keeps me in condition to meet them when they arrive.

DOUBLES

My doubles game always was, and still is, a standing joke in the tennis world. It was not until 1923 that I finally obtained universal recognition as a doubles player, and this was due to a passing incident of slight importance in itself yet memorable because it was responsible for a quotation that will ring down the ages in sport: "He parked his intelligence outside the stadium." Verily Mr. Harold H. Hackett did for me what I could never have accomplished for myself when he made me the most talked of doubles player in the world through the medium of his epigram. What was said of my game I need not quote here; in fact, much of it would not bear repetition, yet Mr. Hackett's delightfully naïve description of my mental activities or lack of them on the doubles court should qualify me to speak with authority on the doubles game.

LAY ON, MACDUFF!

Doubles is a game of position. On this point the verdict of all players is universal. The point of difference hinges on which position is correct. Doubles is a game of net attack. The whole objective is to reach the net and to drive the other

man back. In order to obtain this result there are several popular methods now in vogue, from which you may make your choice. Naturally the first method of reaching the net is behind service, the server advancing to volley the return, thus placing the partner and server side by side at the barrier. Thus, unless some method of meeting this attack by the server is worked out, the receiver is placed on the defensive at once.

The first method of meeting this attack is with both receivers standing back on the baseline. Under this system, the man returning the service merely puts the ball in play, allowing the server a comparatively easy volley, and the attempt to win the point or obtain the offensive comes after this volley. In other words, it is the third or fourth shot that really starts the offensive of the receivers. This plan is the American style of doubles, and is largely responsible for our lack of first-class doubles teams in the United States. This allows the server too great an advantage and makes it difficult to obtain the break. This style of play, in which the usual attempt to drive the server's team away from the net is the lobbing attack, always a dangerous method, is slowly passing.

The alternate method, far more to be desired, is the Australian and Continental system, with the receiver's partner at the net. The object in this

case is to force the server to volley up so that the partner of the receiver may jump in and volley the server's volley. This is effectively used by Gerald Patterson and Pat O'Hara-Wood of Australia, J. O. Anderson and J. B. Hawkes of Australia, Henri Cochet and Rene La Coste of France, Manuel and Jose Alonso of Spain, and with less success by R. N. Williams, 2nd, and Watson Washburn of the United States. This "standing in" method can only succeed when the return of service is sure, low and speedy to the server. It cannot allow the net man a chance to poach in and kill it off in the direction of the receiver's partner. The reason that we, in the United States, fail fully to master this attack is because our return of service is faulty, too high and too wild. Unless the second method is perfectly played it is useless, which accounts for its lack of popularity in the United States. Yet the very fact it is not used in America is the reason that we have no first-class doubles teams. We can muster two outstanding singles players who can go out together on a doubles court and for one match by individual brilliancy give any team a battle, but that is not training doubles teams. The doubles game is not popular in the United States. The average American star enjoys the thrill, speed and individuality of singles. England and her Colonies, steeped in the Oxford traditions of team-play, enjoy

the more social element of doubles and study the science of the game.

Doubles requires placement, finesse and subtlety of court-craft rather than blinding speed. Consider several notable doubles players, Roper-Barrett of England and Harold H. Hackett of the United States in particular, who relied entirely on finesse to win. These men were not at the absolute peak in singles because they lacked the necessary speed, yet who will gainsay their ability in doubles?

It has always seemed to me that the primary requisite of a doubles player is steadiness. In using the term steadiness, I imply the ability to put the ball in play with regularity and with good accuracy. No man can succeed in doubles who has not the ability to return service, because every doubles match hinges on the breaks of the delivery. Position in doubles is the most debatable point in tennis. My contention is that there are no set rules for position that should be adhered to rigidly.

It has always seemed to me that the object of doubles was to beat the other team, and that it did not make a great deal of difference as to which man won the point. If a player sees a certain kill off a shot, even if that shot is on his partner's side-line, I believe that he should go over and make that kill. The only crime of poaching is not to end the

point. It is better to miss your kill if you poach than it is to make a weak return and disrupt your team-work. I can see no reason why a player should object to his partner encroaching on his territory if by so doing a point is won, or even lost by a shot which would have been a winner if successfully made. There are certain general rules of doubles on which lay the foundation of team-work but which should be disregarded at any time that they obstruct the success of a match.

1. Both men should strive to reach the net together on every point.

2. Keep the ball in play until an opening has been forced through the defence of the other team; then hit to win.

3. Each man plays his own court until he sees a chance for a *certain* kill, when he should disregard position and poach into his partner's territory for the point.

4. Break up team-work by hitting between the men, but win outright with shots to the side-line.

5. Force the game at all times with the idea of opening a hole in the defence of your opponents through which a winning shot may be hit, but do not hit for the point until an opening is there.

There are certain generalities which apply to both singles and doubles, the tennis truths that many

players forget. There is the best of all tennis slogans.

(1) *Never Change a Winning Game*, and its converse.

(2) Always change a losing game.

(3) Never let a man play a shot he wants to play if you can possibly make him use anything else.

(4) Always strive for an early lead in a match.

(5) Remember when you are tired, your opponent must feel just as badly. He has played as long as you.

(6) Don't worry about the lucky breaks or the bad decisions, for they even up in the long run.

(7) Always play to the score.

Let me point out several salient facts in connection with this statement. The ideal player is the man who plays every point in every match to win it, but that is too much to expect of anyone. It is the man who knows when to put on pressure, who knows which points games are vital, who wins close matches. Naturally, every one knows that game points are always crucial, but few people realize the tremendous value of the 3rd, 4th and 5th points of the game. The 3rd point is the difference between 15-30 or 30-15, or, what may be far more vital, 40-0 or 30-15. If a player reaches 40-0 on another, the game is practically assured; at least, it is a 3-1 chance or better. If, instead, he throws away the

3rd point at 30-0 and is only 30-15, his lead is comparatively small. Consider the 4th point for a moment. This means the vital difference between 40-15 or 30 all—in other words, two chances for a game, or no advantage at all in that game. You can realize how important that 4th point is to both men whether the score is 30-15 or 15-30 to you. In either case the point is vital. The 5th point is the difference of the game point to you or your opponent if the score is 30 all, or if 40-15 or 15-40 it is game lost or game saved. This speaks for itself.

The same reasoning applies to games. Consider the 4th, 5th and 6th games of a set that is close. The 4th is the difference between a commanding lead of 3-1 or the even score of 2 all. The 5th game means 4-1 or 3-2, a tremendous difference. 4-1 is practically a set; 3-2 is a close struggle. The same reasoning applies to the 6th game for 4-2 or 3 all. No matter what the score may be, the turning point of every close set comes with the 7th game, and each succeeding game grows in importance. If the score is 3 all the 7th game means the advantage, a vital consideration. If the score is 4-2 it means the difference between a safe lead for the set at 5-2 or the dangerous situation at 4-3; while if you are trailing, you may save the set if you reach 3-4 and stand little chance at 2-5. This is merely

an indication of the value of playing to the score, but if by drawing these few examples I have impressed a player with the extreme value of certain points of games, I know that there is another dangerous contender for some championship emerging from the mass of the great species "Dub."

CHAPTER IV

THE FINE POINTS OF WATCHING TENNIS

TENNIS is not a game for the player only. It is a game so essentially dramatic, pictorial and intriguing that the public has taken it to its heart and claimed it for its own. There is a real art in watching tennis. The gallery plays just as great a part in a match as do the players and officials. Intelligence in watching tennis is an assistance to the player and an increased source of enjoyment to the onlooker.

Tennis is not what it seems to the casual spectator. How often have we all seen and heard a crowd carried away with enthusiasm when a player bounced an easy kill of a lob over the backstop, and yet sat silent and almost apathetic at the subtle slow shot that forced the weak lob or passed untouched by the net player. Actually, the sensational kill required no particular skill and may even have been poor tennis and a waste of energy, while the subtle placement of the error-producing shot was beautiful execution and clever generalship.

Many times I stand on the sidelines and watch a player I have not met on the court and say to myself, "Why doesn't he beat better men? He looks good. He strokes well. His style is free. He hits hard." And then I stop a moment to analyse his play. He does look good and he does stroke well, but he hits too hard. His pretty shots are all out, his splendid style produces no result. The public is always deceived by such a player. He is often deceived by himself. I know many such a player. "Old Joe Form himself," as the juniors call him. It is the sad fate of this type of player never quite to arrive.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am not urging anyone to discard form; I am a great believer in form and style, but these are only the means to the end and not the end in themselves. The end is a champion, and a champion is crowned only by results. If results suffer through form, discard form. If a player can put a ball back in a match in good form, let him do so by all means; but if a player can only put the ball back by discarding form, aye, and dignity, comfort, and even his footing, I say, discard them all and put back the ball. The spectator who can recognize intelligently the player who discards form in favour of results at the critical period in a match is indeed a wise and valuable addition to a gallery.

•What are the shots that catch the average spectator's eye? I should say that they are the crashing service ace, the smashing kill, the furious drive, the sensational, although generally feeble, recovery of a wide shot, the player often completing this shot with a comfortable fall as his opponent easily volleys off the weak return.

Are these shots good tennis? Not necessarily. The service, smash and drive may be good tennis, and generally they are, but if they are used when a less sensational shot would do as well, then they become merely a waste of valuable energy. The feeble recovery of a difficult shot seems to me useless. Naturally I advocate going after every shot in the game, but if you reach it, don't put up a feeble return, but take a chance and smack your shot for a winner. If you miss it, as you probably will, you are no worse off than if you had permitted your opponent to kill off your futile "sitter." There is every reason why these shots should appeal to the spectator. There is the thrill of speed, the exhilaration of effort, and, in the case of a spill, the touch of dignity fallen, that is humour's most potent appeal. It reminds you of the many times you have been the goat and affords that outlet for the suppressed revenge which has rankled within on many sad occasions.

There are other shots appreciated by the tennis

connoisseur that pass unnoticed by the average spectator, as, for instance, the subtle slow service placed so adroitly as to catch the receiver off balance and force him to err. Such a service is exemplified in that of Wallace Johnson and Zenzo Shimizu—nothing remarkable in itself, but so cleverly handled as to be dangerous. There is the soft slow shot at the server's feet, as he advances to the net, that forces him to net his volley—nothing brilliant to watch, yet tennis of the highest order. The man who builds his attack so subtly that it forces the other man into error, who destroys his opponent's confidence and breaks up his game, is a master of the art of tennis. It is this type of player who is always underestimated by the public. He is the victim of the misapprehension that he wins only when his opponent is off his game. He seldom receives the credit that is his due.

Another shot that is not always appreciated by the public is the ordinary deep drive off service that forces the server to the defensive. It is just a shot in the eyes of the spectator, a shot of no particular importance except in that it was not missed, yet actually in that shot the whole situation changes. The offensive passes from one man to the other. The public should strive to find the cause for a stroke as well as to applaud its effect. Another shot that passes unnoticed in the heat of action is

the lob. The masterly use of a lob by Wallace Johnson in extricating himself from an awkward position is, to me, one of the great tennis lessons. The lob volley from a hot fast rally at the net in doubles as used by Norman Brookes, W. M. Johnston, or Pat O'Hara-Wood is a specimen of perfect tennis which is seldom recognized. In many cases the shot that really wins a point is made just before the final punch, for it is responsible for the weak return that can be killed sensationally.

Personal interest and the players' personalities will always dwarf the accurate critical judgment of an onlooker. It is human nature and merely one proof that "love is blind." A player often looks excellent because we like him or his smile or the way his hair curls, or some other equally inadequate and equally powerful factor. The strokes from his arm look far better than they would if executed by P. Q. Smearone. Galleries, swayed by some personality, often lose sight of the tennis in their intense interest for or against a certain individual. There are many types of galleries. There is the cool, critical, without question, the most non-partisan, gallery of England. There are the more enthusiastic, demonstrative, yet equally sportsmanlike galleries of her Colonies, New Zealand, Australia and Canada. There are the fiery, excitable, enthusiastic Latin galleries of France, Spain and

Mexico. There is a combination of all these in the United States. Yet there is borne in on me one concrete fact : that tennis galleries the world over are generous, intelligent, sportsmanlike and hospitable. It is seldom that galleries lose their control and yield to mob spirit. It occasionally occurs, but seldom has it affected a great match. If the spectator only would remember that the nervous strain which he, in the stand, feels so keenly, is many times intensified on the court, he would be more lenient in his attitude toward the mannerisms of players. Let him not forget that all these men are amateurs, playing for the game's sake and to amuse the spectators. Let us join in the attempt to bring about a sense of mutual responsibility between players and galleries.

There is far more in tennis than the final score. Few spectators have time to realize the comedy, drama, colour beauty, yes, even art, of a great match. They are lost in the thrill of the passing of a National Championship, or the patriotic excitement of victory in a Davis Cup tie. Unconsciously or subconsciously, the other elements are borne in upon them, register their appeal and form the foundation of the popularity which tennis has achieved.

There is beauty in the perfect turf, carefully marked with white lines, spread before the spectators' eyes, a gladiatorial ring unblemished by

blood or bad feeling. The neat white figures of the players, the sparkling flash of the new balls, the dark green of the background, form a stage setting for drama or comedy worthy of Joseph Urban or Robert Edmund Jones. There may not be subtleties of lighting, but there is the grandeur of simplicity necessary for anything truly great. The stadium or grand-stand is a glowing, moving mass of colour, ever changing in its form and temperament. There is much for the spectator to enjoy in the gallery itself. Human nature in the mass is of interest to anyone who has a kindred feeling for his fellow-men. One finds all classes and types at tennis matches to-day. Music, literature, art, politics, big business, high finance, the stage, the moving picture world, and Mr. Common People rub shoulders in intimate friendly manner, paying tribute to Amateur Sport. This is the real angle of interest to me in the fine points of watching tennis. I enjoy the reactions of the great and small to the human elements of the game. One senses the general admiration for the grim determination and splendid sportsmanship of Billy Johnston. One can feel the laughter, friendly and whole-hearted, rise in the crowd at the clever comedy of Brian I. C. Norton and his many hats. There is a thrill almost of romance sweeping the gallery when Manuel Alonso flashes his dynamic personality. The debonair air of

R. N. Williams 2nd, the judicial manner of Watson Washburn, the dour courage of Gerald Patterson, the ruthlessness of J. O. Anderson, the nonchalance of Vincent Richards, all waken reactions in the gallery that are significant to a student of human nature and worthy of his attention. Every great player is known for some definite appeal of his personality. Each has his loyal supporters who thrill to some peculiarity of their idol. These men are the property of the public. Their drawing power is part and parcel of the game itself. The public is entitled to see them as frequently as possible. The public has the right to see their games and to copy them, to read their views and to learn from them ; in fact, I believe that a great sportsman owes the public his best whenever and wherever possible. They honour him by their interest. He should be in a position to return that honour by his presence. While I am touching on the right of the public to its share of the game and its interest in tennis, let me say that I think that the public should say the final word on the matter of professionalism in sport.

WHAT IS A PROFESSIONAL ?

What is a professional sportsman ? Every day in every way the discussion of this ethical point grows keener and, with the changing, broadening conditions of athletics all over the world, more difficult of solu-

tion. There are diametrically opposite view-points. On the one hand we find the advocates of the stringent amateur rule, the Simon-pure, above-reproach, no-money-involved-in sport group which would blot out all expense accounts or privileges granted to athletes. On the other hand is the group which goes so far as to maintain there should be no differentiation between professional and amateur. I cannot bring myself to join either group. I belong to the great mass of sportsmen who love sport for sport's sake and believe in playing the game for the game's sake, yet realize that commercialization of sport is a necessary evil of modern civilization owing to the over-organization and the public's demand for the best. The Simon-pure amateur cannot meet the present demands of the public unless he is a millionaire, while, in my opinion, the abolition of the amateur rule would mean the collapse of the structure of athletic competition under the decaying influence of money. I am one of those who seek the middle of the road, and in so doing I lean to liberality of interpretation rather than to rigidity of law in the amateur question.

I have been told for years that the idea behind the amateur rule was based on the fact that a professional, by virtue of being one, could devote all of his time to the game and thus improve his play far beyond that of an amateur, making it unfair to allow



THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST
HELEN WILLS, CHAMPION OF THE U.S. 1923

a professional to compete with amateurs. This seems to me to be begging the issue. In the first place, admitting the original premise for a moment, how can we deal with the men who inherit sufficient money to allow them to devote their life to sport? Are these men professionals because by the generosity of some kind fate they are not forced to work for a living? Whether they do so or not does not enter into the question, which is rather one of personal responsibility to the world than one of sport. Certainly no one can justly assert that sons of millionaires or millionaires in their own right should be excluded from sport on the ground they have too much time to play it! The point is not one of relative ability arising from leisure for play; it is fundamentally a question of making a direct living from the game.

From the experience of fifteen years of tennis, during which time I have watched the game develop from a sport of the socially prominent or financially influential to a world activity, indulged in by classes and masses alike, I have reached a clear-cut decision on professionalism and a clear-cut definition of a professional. I believe a man is a professional who coaches or plays a sport directly for money, or material personal gain. I can see no other reason for declaring a man a professional.

Professionalism is purely a question of motive.

Why does a man indulge in sport ? Is it for the love of the game ? If it is for that and for no other reason, he is amateur in spirit and as such should not be branded " professional." Let us be frank about this question of professionalism. There is no stigma attached to an avowedly professional sportsman.

Many professional ball players and golfers are men who hold the highest respect and admiration of all who know them. These men are admittedly and deliberately making sport their business and doing it in an honourable and exemplary manner. It is not professional sport, as such, that is the crux of the situation. It is the delicate question of motive in sport. An amateur, who is barred from amateur competition and branded a professional by the association governing his sport, has his reputation smirched. There is an implication of something not quite honourable in his actions. Charlie Paddock, the famous runner, was forced to bear unjust criticism during his short disbarment by the A.A.U., and only the weight of public opinion brought about his complete vindication. It is a dangerous thing and one that should require deliberation to take any action that might injure a man's reputation in the eyes of the world. It is even more dangerous to close any legitimate vocation to a man because he takes part in sport. The line of demarcation must be drawn somewhere, and that line must

be as closely related as possible to motive. It seems to me that when a man plays or coaches a sport for money, the motive is reasonably clearly proved as one of material gain. That seems to me to be the only line that does clearly prove motive, so I hold that a professional is a man who coaches or plays a sport for money. I believe that there is no other definition of a professional that can be proved with justice to all.

The danger to sport does not come from the amount of money a man may make from it, but from the temptations which assail him the moment big money enters the activity. The professional gambler who bribes a player to throw a game is too well established a fact to need any explanation here. Sport must be protected. Amateur sport is the only enduring type. It is the only form of sport from which the full benefits are derived. I am unutterably opposed to professional tennis and am wholly in spirit an amateur, yet I cannot see the justice, justification, or even the need for the type of amateur legislation that is sweeping the country. The dangers of over-legislation and over-restriction are many. If the United States Lawn Tennis Association does not use more foresight, it will create by its legislation the very thing it dreads—professional tennis. No man can bear the stigma of professionalism after he has held a high place

as an amateur, and not be driven to capitalize his reputation, something he never would do as an amateur.

Tennis has been proved to be a paying proposition. The United States Lawn Tennis Association clears about \$50,000 a year from the Davis Cup Challenge Round, and the Singles and Doubles Championships of the United States. The officials may assert that professional tennis would not pay, yet they (and I) know it would. They (and I) know that to-day there is a group of promoters merely waiting for the chance to organize professional tennis. These men with their fingers on the public pulse believe that professional tennis would pay, and are willing to back their belief with money. I regard such a movement as a menace to tennis. I believe that it would injure the sport irreparably. I have turned down contracts three different times because I am an amateur in spirit, yet if I am professionalized and turned out of amateur tennis because of my business, journalism, I will, I must, sign such a contract because I cannot afford to pass it up to save a game that has repudiated me.

My fight against the Player-Writer rule that forbids a tennis player from writing about tennis is not made in a desire to save my own amateur standing, but in the sincere belief that the rule is unjust

to future players and to the public. Is it logical to argue that tennis players are not better equipped to write of tennis than men who do not and never have played the game? Tennis players may not have the style of Galsworthy or the plot construction of Shakespeare, yet they do not need these things to give the public the facts, adequately expressed, of the game of tennis. How are our young stars of the future to learn the game if this rule forbidding players to write is enforced? The game must suffer. It may not be seriously handicapped in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, because the boys and girls of these cities will have a chance to witness the champions of the future in action. But what of the other sections of the country? Does it seem right that all of the United States should suffer because a small group of men with ideals of sport so high that the average man cannot grasp them, fear that the game of tennis will suffer because some individual makes money while playing tennis by writing of it? It is only by written articles of instruction that the great mass of the public can hope to learn any game. Unless the public steps in and expresses itself in forcible terms, the germ of amateurism gone mad will spread through all the sporting world and drive sports literature by the experts of the game out of existence.

What is it the public wants? In what is it interested? First, the public wants to see the great players in any branch of sport. It wants the opportunity to see them often, and as cheaply as possible. It is of no vital interest to it whether a champion makes his living selling bonds, lumber, writing articles or clipping coupons. In the eyes of Mr. Common People, if a man is paid for actually playing a sport he is a professional. Anyone else is an amateur, and why not? The second vital point of interest to the General Public about the champion is, "How does he do it?" People want to find out just what is the secret of Charlie Paddock's speed, Gene Sarazen's distance on a golf-ball, Billy Johnston's drive in tennis, or Johnny Weismuller's speed in the water. If the champion is a professional, giving lessons, and the enthusiast has time, money and a personal acquaintance, he goes to the champion and gains his knowledge first-hand. If he is merely one of the thousands who can follow his sport only at a distance, he wants to gain the same knowledge from the champion's printed word. The fact that the champion is paid for this article does not prostitute the sport in the eyes of Mr. General Public, nor does he regard the champion as unduly capitalizing his reputation.

This matter of "capitalizing the sporting reputation" seems to weigh heavily on the mind of all

athletic associations, yet it seems to me that they are attempting to tilt with windmills. It is childish to maintain that a man does not capitalize any reputation he may acquire. He may do it deliberately. More often it is done for him by the General Public. The General Public has a great curiosity about champions. It likes to see if they are normal average human beings—and usually it is disappointed to discover that they are. The General Public wants to know what kind of eyes a champion has, or how his voice sounds, or if he stutters. It likes to say, “I said to George—and George said——” It is a perfectly natural, healthy interest in someone who is a public figure. It is the adult expression of the old hero-worship of childhood. It is this attitude that capitalizes a sporting reputation for a man, often without his knowledge. Reputation will provide only an entrée to a business, never the actual business. The chance to present one’s goods, no matter what they may be, insurance, tennis articles, or tiddledywinks, is a tremendous assistance, but unless your goods are of value you do no business.

I cannot see why the pursuit of journalism on tennis, motion pictures of tennis, playing tennis matches for worthy charities, or selling sporting goods, are any more professional than selling life insurance to your tennis associates or filling their

teeth. I may be treading on sacred ground with impious feet when I ask my readers to look the matter squarely in the face and carry it out to a logical conclusion. I am told that the group of activities which I first mentioned are "commercializing my tennis reputation." It is possible that it is so! I believe it is! But what about life insurance and teeth-pulling under the same circumstances? No champion or prominent athlete can avoid capitalizing his name and fame, no matter what form of business he enters. Frankly, I cannot see why he should not do so, provided he does not do it by a direct return from his sport. The reward is no more than his due, a just return for the effort he has expended on his game and the pleasure he has given the world by his skill.

If I were a man who knew nothing of tennis and had a son I wished to start in the game, I would far rather send him to some player of prominence, connected with a reputable sporting goods concern, a man who, because of his love of the game, would select for the boy a correct equipment and possibly fire his interest in the game while so doing, than turn him loose on some counter-jumper who thought tennis was an indoor sport because of the word "love," or mistook it for a side branch of fishing owing to the "net," a man who would sell the boy a 15½-ounce racket, with a handle several sizes too

large, not through deceit, but through ignorance. I hold that tennis as a game is the gainer by players entering the sporting goods business, and by its growth the National Association joins in the gain.

There would be individuals who would attempt to take advantage of the amateur rule, but they could easily be dealt with as individuals, without casting general opprobrium on the others. No one can defend a man's receiving a salary four times what he is worth for the work he does, and I am not attempting to do so, but I am strongly urging a more lenient attitude toward the boy who honestly enters the sporting goods business. The United States Lawn Tennis Association to-day is spreading the gospel of tennis through the parks and schools, teaching the boys and men with small financial backing, men who must work for their living for all of their existence, the game of tennis, teaching its virtues, its benefits, teaching them to love the game and then withholding from them, or at least frowning down upon them, the one business which they might enter, in which they could make a living and have a chance to continue in the game. It seems a strange inconsistency. We may lose many a great Davis Cup star, unrecognized and unknown, because he never found the opportunity to combine business, honest and sincere, and practice.

I admit that the fact that I am Champion Tennis

Player of the United States is of real financial value to me, but I say that unless I retired from business altogether, I would have that reputation capitalized for me, and not in any way in a professional sense. I think that my writing of tennis articles is less commercial than selling bonds would be, because while I would probably make as much or more selling bonds, I am giving expert opinion in my tennis articles, thus providing value received, while the same expert tennis opinion rather than my knowledge of finance would sell my bonds. Let us be quite frank about professionalism. If a man is crooked and sets out to beat the amateur rule in spirit, he can always do so and still remain within the letter of the law. Personally, I believe these cases are few and far between. I am a great believer in the American sportsman. I believe in his sincerity, honesty of purpose and integrity. I believe he plays for sport's sake and not with the idea of how much he can make out of it. I am firmly convinced that amateur sport must be protected, but I think that it will be better protected by less restriction and legislation and more doctrine of "play the game for the game's sake." Let us cut out a little of the over-development and over-management in athletics. Let us bring our scholastic, collegiate and national activities back to the sane, sound, sensible footing of play the game

where the god of money to the institution does not make the officials regard the players with suspicion. Unless a reaction to over-legislation and over-restriction sets in at once, I believe that there will be a revolution in amateur standards that will shake the athletic world of the United States to its foundation, and may threaten our world supremacy for many years.

The utterly inexcusable and indefensible stand of the Amateur Rule Committee, so far as I have ever been able to see it, is the refusal to allow a player to compete in exhibition matches for charity where a gate-charge is made. The Committee believes, possibly correctly, that all tennis should be under the auspices of the National Association. They believe that there is grave danger of personal gain to someone from exhibition matches. They fear that the leading players will be swamped with requests to play exhibition for charities to such extent that they may be influenced to stay out of sanctioned tournaments of the National Association.

This argument hardly appeals to me. In the first place, if a man is seriously attempting to advance in the game, he will not allow exhibitions to interfere with his tournament play. There can be no question of that. If, on the other hand, he has competed in a long series of tournaments and wishes a rest, he will

withdraw from competition. If during his period of relaxation he should decide that he wishes to gain a little practice, what better method could he use than to engage in an exhibition or two against some other good player? It is quite possible some charity in which he is interested personally might need his services at that time. I cannot see how he would be injuring the National Lawn Tennis Association if he gained his practice by playing exhibitions for the charity. I believe very strongly that the tennis a man plays should be governed entirely by his own personal wishes, except in the case of a Davis Cup man in the weeks immediately preceding the Davis Cup matches, when he should be under a regular schedule of training. It seems only reasonable that, if tennis is a sport, it should be played as such and not as a business. I cannot see why the fact that a man has attained a skill that makes him a drawing card at the sanctioned tournaments should at the same time make him a slave to the Association. I do not mean that I have the slightest sympathy with those players who enter tournaments, with no intention of playing, and then default. That is inexcusable. A player, once he has entered a tournament, has undertaken an obligation to Committee and public alike, which he must meet in full. The point that I make is that until he has sent in his entry, he

should be free to play when, where, with whom and for whom he desires, without restriction, always provided that he does not receive a financial return for his services. Many players are literally hounded, always with the best intentions in the world, by tournament committees who hope to gain their entry. Personally, I have a far harder time avoiding too many tournaments rather than dodging too many exhibitions. I have sufficient faith in the inherent honesty and sound common sense of the players to trust them not to wreck the tournament schedule by playing too many exhibitions during the tournament season.

I am heartily in agreement with the Committee in their desire to see that no graft or personal gain to anyone enters into the game. The Committee is very wise to use all caution and make every possible defence against such a thing, yet I believe that seldom, if ever, would such an attempt be made. Why should the vast number of sincere and worthy charities suffer to keep a few errors from being committed?

The National Association until recently vested the power to sanction these charity exhibitions, in the sectional delegate. In 1921, following the tremendously successful series for the American Committee for Devastated France, under the leadership of Miss Anne Morgan, which netted \$10,000 in the

month of October around New York City only, the National Association became frightened and organized a small committee of reactionary men in the Committee for Sanction of Exhibition Matches which held joint power with the sectional delegate. This plan did not prove too successful in curbing the exhibitions, for the sectional delegates in the West, Middle West, Middle Atlantic, and other districts exclusive of New York, still sanctioned matches for charity, so that at the moment of writing there is a movement about to remove the power from the sectional delegate and place it solely in the hands of this small committee of New York men. It is this move which has forced me to reopen this fight in which I was defeated once.

I am forced to inquire why the National Association, or a small committee representing it, shall tell the tennis players of America when, how and for whom they shall play. It seems most un-American in principle to attempt to restrain a man from donating his services freely and fully to whatsoever charity he wishes. We did not fail to do our bit during the war. We aided in the care of ill, wounded and suffering. We have given freely to suffering Armenia. Our funds have poured out to Japan in its recent national calamity of earthquake and fire. Some of us, and I am one, are not in the position to give largely of money but

we are keen to do what we may. If my tennis reputation and tennis skill will aid to alleviate the suffering of a nation or the suffering of one small child, it is my right, my pleasure and my privilege to give it. It is mine, won by me, without assistance from the Committee on Sanction, so why should I be forced to go to them to ask the right to give what is mine alone? America is a country founded on freedom of thought and action. How can an organization of a mere sport attempt to dictate actions to its members when the whole policy of the nation is one of generosity and good will towards men? I feel that the National Lawn Tennis Association lays itself open to a very serious attack by allowing a small committee to set so drastic a policy. Let us not forget that every year the National Lawn Tennis Association holds the Davis Cup Challenge, the National Doubles Championship and the National Singles Championship, charging the public therefor prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.00 a seat, from the returns of which some \$50,000 annually fill the coffers of the Association. Much of this money is the direct return of the fame and skill of a small group of players, Johnston, Richards, Williams, and I included. Yet we may not give to charity that which is virtually financing the Tennis Association. Even theatrical managers, who hold their stars in

iron-bound contracts, always grant them the right to appear for charity. Personally, I will be willing to consider allowing the National Association to regulate my appearances when they are willing to play the National Championship and Davis Cup *free* and *open* to the public. That is true amateur sport, but just so long as I am assisting in bringing \$50,000 a year to the National Association, just so long will I assert my independence to give freely my services to whatsoever charity I deem worthy and honest, and I cannot see that I must ask the Committee's permission. I believe that I am voicing the view-point of many leading players in the foregoing. I know that I will meet the support of the tennis public. I face the issue with head "bloody but unbowed" from many a bitter fight on this point in the past. I know that I will be met with horror by the old guard, considered a traitor to tennis for taking the stand that I take in this matter, yet the time has come to meet the issue squarely, and I must run the risk of misinterpretation in order to lay my side of the case before the public.

There is another side to tennis exhibitions which is worthy of consideration, a side which, while it does not appeal to me with the deep sense of necessity which the charity angle presents, yet has its merits and strong justifications. That is the tremendous popularizing power, all over America,

which exhibitions have proved. No single branch of tennis activities has spread the gospel of the game so successfully as the appearance in exhibition of the leading players. This is not particularly true around New York, where the National Singles or the Davis Cup Challenge round give the public an annual assurance of the greatest international stars; but elsewhere, even in such cities as Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, and other great centres of population, tennis has boomed a hundred per cent. in ten years, largely owing to exhibitions. The National Association recognizes this and encourages exhibitions, but will not sanction them for charity, or, if a gate is charged, unless great pressure is brought to bear on the Committee for Sanction.

Let us look the matter in the eyes squarely and without prejudice. There are two primary objects of these exhibitions, excluding those for a definite charity. First, the object is to spread the game to popularize it in the district; the second is to raise funds to advance the game in the district. In either of these cases, in my opinion, it is a laudable object and deserves full support. Let us consider the position of the players. First, it takes time to journey around to play tennis, and to all men time is money, even if to some it may be little. If these men give their time and skill, it seems to me

that they can hardly be expected to pay their own expenses ; certainly the least that could be done for them would be to insure them against financial loss arising from their generosity. On the other hand, the average Club or Tennis Association has no funds ready at hand to throw away on travelling expenses. All their resources are needed for improvements to the Club house or courts, in new equipment ; in other words, to boost tennis. The small gate-charge which the public would gladly pay to witness tennis, and in many cases would rather pay so that it feels that it is privileged to be present at the Club, and not a charity guest through its grudging courtesy, will not only pay the travelling and living expenses of the players, but leave a small surplus in most cases, which can be utilized to improve the Club or to run the Association. If the National Lawn Tennis Association fear that any Club or Association is making too much money by this method, I would suggest that, instead of refusing sanction to exhibition matches where gate-money is charged, a law be passed providing that a certain percentage of the net profit on all exhibitions, except those for definite charity, be paid to the National Lawn Tennis Association. This will give a return to the national body, which it can expend wisely in several ways, notably junior development, and it will also supply a slight

check to the exhibition matches, yet it will allow local clubs and associations to spread tennis by exhibitions without loss to themselves or to the players involved. The tendency is towards leniency on paying the expenses of the players. The demand for the presence of the leading stars is so great that even the reactionary body within the Association realizes that, to meet it, some concessions to the times must be made. I have had a concrete example of what the public will do in turning out to see the leading stars in action. During the summer of 1923, Manuel Alonso, Sandy Wiener, my little fifteen-year-old doubles partner, and I journeyed across the United States playing in Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Los Angeles and San Francisco. In every city where we appeared we broke the attendance record. In Chicago, Indianapolis, Los Angeles and San Francisco the crowds were so great that they overflowed into the court enclosure or near-by courts. Our trip was made possible by a partial covering of our expenses of travel, and the hospitality of the clubs that we visited. Yet in every case the returns from the tournament in gate-money far exceeded the expenses incurred by the clubs. The result was a great tennis boom in the cities in which we played, a boom that will gain in impetus and carry the game on to become a civic

asset. We were able to do it at a small financial cost to ourselves, which we were glad to bear in the interest of the game. If any one player or group of players were to profit financially from such a trip, then it would be dangerous, and I would fight against the principle of professionalism with all my support ; but when the trip is made under the supervision of reputable clubs or associations, then I think that great good accrues to the game, and by that token to the National Lawn Tennis Association.

CHAPTER V

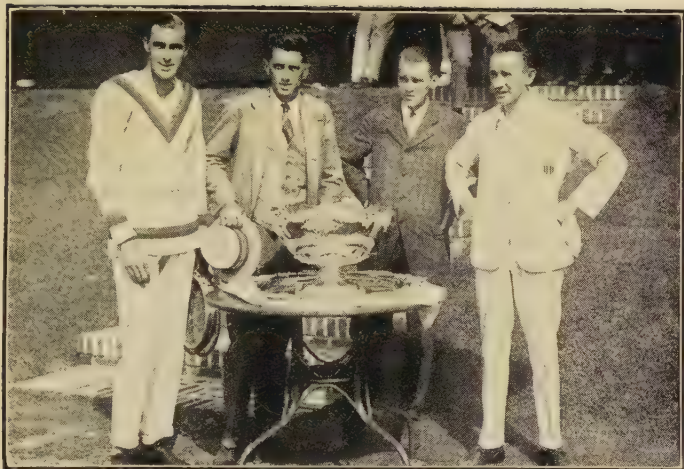
INTERNATIONAL TENNIS

THE Gospel of the Brotherhood of Man is sweeping the world to-day in a tide, far stronger, far higher, far broader than ever before in the history of the world. It is no longer a theoretical, academic discussion; it is an active, material force that motivates nations, that changes their destinies and revolutionizes their civilizations. The World Court and the League of Nations are but the voice of a people crying aloud for good-fellowship, mutual understanding and brotherhood among the communities of the earth.

International sport is but a ripple, a small rivulet on the waters that form the tide of the Brotherhood of Man, yet many of the greatest statesmen believe sincerely that international sport may aid in bringing about the ultimate *entente cordiale* of all nations. It is only the tiny trickle—one might say the splashing drop—of international tennis and its relation to the lives of all peoples, its influences—inter- and intra-nationally—its differences and its

discussions, its friendships and its effects, and the trials and tribulations of its personalities in the game, of which I would write. Many of these facts I have gained by passing through the fire of four Davis Cup seasons, 1920-3 inclusive; two Grass Court World's Championships at Wimbledon, England, 1920-1; Hard Court Championship of the World at St. Cloud, France, 1921; a New Zealand Championship, 1920; and a tour of Australia, 1920-1.

"The world is a small place." Who was it pronounced this deeply significant statement? Several people in various languages and different words, I believe, yet embodied in our bromidic utterance is the fact that men, their customs, sports, joys, sorrows, in fact in all that goes to make up life, are more and more becoming standardized throughout the world. True, there is still a large diversity of civilization, a great abyss of thought and religion, a chasm of climate and race, yet, so far as we know, there is no set limit to time, and some day these gaps may be bridged so that life in Fige and Fugi, Tokio and Tampico, Honolulu and New York, may be just the same. Conditions may vary, but customs, men and their actions, even their speech, may be identical. More differences arise because you don't know what the other man is trying to say or do than from any



THE 1923 U.S. TEAM WINS THE CUP. (LEFT TO RIGHT: WILLIAM T. TILDEN, R. NORRIS WILLIAMS, VINCENT RICHARDS, WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON)



"LITTLE BILL" AND "BIG BILL"

THE DAVIS CUP AND ITS DEFENDERS

other cause. One always becomes very angry if one thinks that someone is putting something over on him and one doesn't understand just what it is. The barrier of language and custom is the hardest to scale in this fight for a unified world. You may speak another man's language like a native, yet unless you are born to it you will never think it. You will always think in terms of your own, and until we find a common meeting-place for men's thoughts as well as their speech, misunderstandings will arise. It sounds like an advertisement for Esperanto. All this is splendid in theory and sounds fine, but is actually a waste of paper. All we can do is to mix freely on a common ground with our fellow-men. Where can one find a better common ground than some form of sporting activity, played under the same rules throughout the world? The largest common ground of the world, in sport, is Tennis. It circles the globe, yet its rules and ethics are the same in Australia as in France, in Japan as in America, and in all four as in Argentina. The tennis season of 1923 stands out like a beacon-light of international good-fellowship with eighteen nations, the United States, England, Australia, France, Spain, Ireland, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Switzerland, Japan, India, Denmark, Roumania, Holland, Canada, Argentina, Belgium and Hawaii, challenging for the famous trophy presented in

1900 by Dwight Davis for the international team lawn tennis championship of the world. Most differences in sport are intra- rather than inter-national. The spirit of dissension may run within the governing tennis bodies of any nation, but a spirit of friendly co-operation actuates the Inter-National Federation of Lawn Tennis. Every year finds more nations participating, new players gaining prominence and old stars waning. Glory, undying and inspiring, has been won on and off the court by heroes of the Davis Cup. Anthony F. Wilding, long a notable figure of the international sport, made his great sacrifice and laid down his life for his country and his fellow-men in the Great War, passing on with the same spirit of modest gallant service that had characterized his play. It was all in the game to Wilding, and he played it well to the end. He was typical of the hundreds of thousands of rising heroes of international sport, who carried the joy and spirit of their game into the war and brought forth the victory for mankind.

It is the opinion of many of the world's greatest statesmen that international amateur sport is as great a power for international goodwill and understanding as diplomacy. It is certain that the visits to our shores of the various Davis Cup teams have done much to popularize their countries with the American people, while surely the American Davis

Cup team of 1920 seemed universally popular in Europe, New Zealand and Australia. Tennis received official recognition of its sterling qualities and political value when General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the American Armies in Belgium, 1920, invited the Davis Cup team to go to Europe on his transport the *Northern Pacific*, when the Government learned of the delay in the sailing of the liner on which our passage had been engaged. Our late President, Warren G. Harding, put the final seal of governmental approval on the game when, during three years of his administration, he played host to a series of exhibition matches on the court of the White House, before a gallery of the highest diplomatic and political powers. The players have included R. N. Williams, 2nd, Watson Washburn, Vincent Richards, Wallace Johnson, Samuel Hardy, Karl Behr, "Sandy" Wiener and myself as American representatives, while the foreign stars who have been honoured include Zenzo Shimizu and Masanosuke Fukuda of Japan, and Jose and Manuel Alonso of Spain.

Amateur sport lost a good friend in the death of President Harding. He was a sincere believer in the value of competitive athletics. Himself a keen golf player and lover of sport, his interest included tennis, baseball and football. He followed each sport closely and could discuss the phases of each

with an intimate knowledge of its science. The warm personal interest in each and every individual which made President Harding so beloved by all with whom he came in contact, was never more apparent than in his athletic interest. The day in 1923 on which we played at the White House, when Sandy Wiener, my little fifteen-year-old doubles partner, and I played the Alonso brothers, President Harding was captivated by the personality of Sandy. Following the match, after the President and Mrs. Harding had greeted the players, the President called me to him and, with that charming smile of whole-hearted enjoyment which actuated his relations with me, he talked of the boy. It takes a big man, a great spirit who, in his office as President of the United States of America, can find time and sincere desire to inquire into the personality, enjoyments, and activities of a fifteen-year-old boy. America suffered a sad blow and bitter loss in President Harding's death, but his sense of justice, his love of peace, and his humaneness, must have left their mark on our national politics just as they did on the lives of all who knew him. Every man, woman and child in the United States lost not only a respected leader, but a real personal friend, when President Harding was called to the Great Beyond.

THE INTERNATIONAL TENNIS SEASON OF 1923

The Davis Cup Competition entered a new and undiscovered field in 1923 by inaugurating a zoning system whereby nations could enter and elect to play either in the American Zone or European Zone. They were not forced to enter either one because of geographical position. Spain or France could elect the American Zone or Canada or the European if they so desired. Separate elimination tournaments were held in the two zones, the respective winners meeting in the defending nation to earn the right to challenge. Thirteen nations played in the European Zone, while four competed in America. France emerged victor abroad but went down to defeat at the hands of Australia, the American Zone winner, in the final round at Boston. The significant features of the season were not in the personnel of the leading teams, but in the first appearance of teams from Argentina, Hawaii and Roumania, and the surprising strength of Spain, Holland and Canada. Spain made a serious error when it elected the European Zone, for Manuel and Jose Alonso, two of the greatest players on the Continent, had entered business in America and were unable to return to compete in Europe. If Spain had sent Count de Gomar to America to

team with Manuel Alonso and had played in the American Zone, I believe that they would have challenged, but unfortunately Edward Flaquer, the substitute, did not possess the ability to come through.

The new zoning system proved a distinct success. Excellent tennis before large galleries was staged at various points in Europe, raising the public interest to a high pitch. In America, the Canadian-Japanese tie and the Australia-Hawaii meeting roused much stimulating attention. The Australia-Japan final round at Chicago found great speculation as to the ultimate result, but the unfortunate inability of Zenzo Shimizu to recover form after his serious illness in the early summer robbed the match of much keen competition. Australia romped away with France at Boston, as the European champions were crippled by the loss of Henri Cochet and Jacques Borotra. The team of Rene La Coste and Jean Brugnon was no match for Hawkes and Anderson. America's successful if somewhat unimpressive defeat of Australia in the challenge round, featured by Anderson's defeat of Johnston, and the epic-making doubles match in which Williams and I battled three hours and a half against Hawkes and Anderson, saved the cup for America, but proved the American team was not the invincible, invulnerable defence many

considered them. I should say that the primary lesson of the 1923 Davis Cup season to the tennis world is one of hope.

The international tennis season of 1923 was notable from many more angles than the Davis Cup. The season found the first annual international competition for women when England sent a team to America to challenge for the Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman Cup, a trophy for women, comparable to the Davis Cup. The Hard Court and Grass Court Championships of the World were won by an American, William M. Johnston. Negotiations were opened to ensure the presence of an American tennis team in the Olympic games at Paris in 1924. The champions of the world, of Australia, Japan and America, were entered in the 1923 American Championship. It was a big year in international tennis.

Early in May, William M. Johnston sailed for France to play in the World's Hard Court Championship. Johnston had not done himself justice on his previous European trip in 1920 as a member of the American Davis Cup team, and both he and his hosts of admirers were keenly anxious for him to compete abroad again while he was still in his prime. The Hard Court Championship was held at St. Cloud, Paris, in 1923. The soft French ball, the unfamiliar conditions, the different climate,

and the unusual food, did not suit Johnston, who was not at his best, with all of these handicaps, but he so far outclassed the field that he won, although France did not have a glimpse of the real Johnston except in his match with De Gomar of Spain, whom he crushed three sequence sets. Jean Washer of Belgium carried Johnston to five sets in the finals. The American always had reserve to draw on in case of need and was never near defeat. Following the St. Cloud tournament, Johnston journeyed to England, where he was joined by Vincent Richards, who was making his first appearance abroad, and Francis T. Hunter. Richards, with his youth, attractive mannerisms and marvellous volleying, caught the fancy of the English public, and his victory in the London championships at Queen's Club was a popular one. Johnston did not compete at Queen's Club, while Hunter met unexpected defeat.

The World's Championship at Wimbledon followed the Queen's Club tournament. The luck of the draw brought Washer, Richards, Johnston and Norton on the same side. Hunter was in the other half. Richards astonished the English public by sweeping Washer off the court in the first round. Johnston and Richards met in the fourth round, and the little Yonkers boy went down to defeat before the merciless battery of Johnston's great

drives. The English public went mad over the match. Finally, they had seen Johnston at his best, yet, even so, popular sympathy rested with his little tow-headed opponent. Hunter marched through to the finals, where he met Johnston, who simply swept all opposition away, crushed Hunter under a display of marvellous tennis, and was crowned World's Champion after a match which worthily sustained the title.

Brian I. C. Norton, the premier player of England, accompanied the Americans home for the season here. Manuel Alonso of Spain, J. O. Anderson of Australia, Rene La Coste of France, Shimizu and Fukuda of Japan, were already in America, so the tennis world centred in the American events.

The English women followed soon after the returning Americans. Wimbledon had again found Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen supreme among the women. She crushed Miss McKane in the finals. She put out Mrs. Beamish in two love sets after Mrs. Beamish had defeated Mrs. Mallory. Suzanne Lenglen ruled undisputed queen of the courts. Mrs. Mallory's disastrous season on the Riviera and her subsequent defeats in England gave rise to the feeling that either Mrs. Mallory had fallen off in her play or tennis among American women was far below the European standard. The English Tennis Association agreed to send a team to compete in America for

the Wightman Cup, presented by Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman, former National Champion and wife of George W. Wightman, Vice-President of the National Lawn Tennis Association for International Women's Team Championship. The personnel of the team included Miss Kathleen McKane, England's premier player; Mrs. Beamish, conqueror of Mrs. Mallory; Mrs. Covell and Mrs. Clayton. The team was under the management of Mr. H. Anthony Sabelli, Honorary Secretary of the English Lawn Tennis Association, and Mrs. Sabelli. They were accompanied by Mr. A. Wallis Myers, the leading tennis critic of the world.

The English women arrived about two weeks before the match was scheduled and plunged into practice, meeting defeat at Seabright, a result to be expected, as they were directly off the boat. The Wightman Cup match, which immediately preceded the Woman's Championship of the United States, was played at the New Concrete Stadium at Westside Tennis Club, Long Island, the honour of dedicating the structure falling fittingly on this little group of charming sportswomen.

The result of the Wightman Cup match itself was as striking as it was unexpected. America won, 7 matches to 0. Even our most loyal supporters and ardent enthusiasts had not counted on better than a narrow victory, if we won at all. No one

could have expected such a tidal wave. It is hard to explain the reasons for our outstanding performance. Much credit must go to the keen judgment, clever coaching and remarkable play of Mrs. George Wightman, the American captain. She used rare skill, not only on the court but off, in lifting the morale and rousing the confidence of her team. Mrs. Mallory, Miss Helen Wills and Miss Eleanor Goss played magnificent tennis that deserved to win. I cannot say the English girls were at their best. It seems to me that women never rise to their true game out of their own country. Witness Mlle. Lenglen in America in 1921, Mrs. Mallory on all her trips abroad, and the English team here this year. I am inclined to place most of the blame on the difference in the tennis-balls, and, even more important, the variation in climate. The English ball is softer, slower, not so true as the American plugless type. It cannot be hit hard so successfully, nor can one pat the American style well. Thus the American's attack is weakened abroad, while the English defence is mitigated in America. Climate is a great factor in international competition. Food and living conditions play their part, but the questions of heat and cold, humidity, light and wind, are the primary factors in the whole issue. Frankly, I think that a serious mistake was made by the

English team in the hours they selected for practice. The matches were played early in the afternoon, during the hottest hours of the day; instead of practising at that time, thus accustoming themselves to the discomforts they must face in the competition, the English women practised at five o'clock, in the cool of the evening. Naturally, they felt the heat intensely when they were compelled to face it in the strain of match-play. They offered no alibis or explanations, taking their defeat with typically British good sportsmanship; but in justice to them I feel that I must offer what I believe is the underlying cause of most failures in international tennis. It is my opinion, formed after several years' play under the conditions mentioned, that a man must either have an imagination and love of the dramatic that will inspire him beyond himself and carry him above material handicaps, or he must completely outclass the field, if he is to succeed in international competition. The home grounds are a big advantage to any player in any game. My advice to all those who wish to play tennis in foreign lands is to arrange to have at least three weeks in the country before the real test comes. Nothing less will allow him to become acclimatized.

The Woman's National Championship of the United States followed on the heels of the Wight-

man Cup. This tournament found Helen Wills, "the Girl of the Golden West," as the Press hailed her, the little California schoolgirl, toppling Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory from the throne which she has held so long and so well. It was a notable, well-earned triumph for Helen Wills. She won her place in the final round by virtue of her victory over Miss Kathleen McKane. Her defeat of Mrs. Mallory was clean-cut and unquestioned. Helen Wills is the one great rival of Suzanne Lenglen in future years. Not now, for Helen is still too young, too immature to meet the Lenglen craft and steadiness. Time will add these elements to her own game, and then her courage and speed will sweep Lenglen from her solitary glory just as surely and decisively as it deprived Mrs. Mallory of the American Championship. Let me quote Mr. A. Wallis Myers on Miss Wills, Mrs. Mallory, and the entire international match. Mr. Wallis Myers is a shrewd judge of tennis. I always await his verdict on a player with keen interest. He says:

"I think, psychologically, the American women were stronger than the English. The home players had more iron, both in their bodies and in their souls. They were all out to justify reputations which in the eyes of many of their countrymen had been fairly roughly handled in Europe. There is nothing like a little wounded pride (and I do not mean conceit) to stiffen the will. Grief, as Dr. Johnson said, is a species of idleness. The American

ladies were not doleful in defeat ; their inherent industry and ambition came to their rescue.

“ On the other hand, if you ask me to speak the truth, I think the visiting women (with the exception of Mrs. Beamish, who had had the most ‘ foreign ’ experience and had probably received some sound information from her husband, who has visited America, about the conditions over here) were disposed, before they came into court, to underestimate the severity of their task. Possibly their captain shared this optimism and made his preliminary plans accordingly. Why, since time was short, he should have selected a nine-day voyage instead of a six-day, why he should have plunged his team into the strenuous singles at Seabright the day after they had landed, why he should have chosen the non-match hours at Forest Hills for practice—when the temperature and light were different ; why Mrs. Beamish was not played against Mrs. Mallory whom she had beaten in a fine match under championship conditions at Wimbledon ?

“ The answer may be that our ladies did not come to America only for the purpose of confirming their European supremacy over the American ladies ; they came to strengthen the bonds of friendship between the two countries, to inaugurate a friendly contest which cannot fail to stimulate the woman’s game not only in our two countries, but all over the world.

“ That is quite a legitimate reply, and it is true. The game is always greater than the prize ; international goodwill is greater than either. But at the moment, while fully conscious of the splendid social impression our players have made over here (and one never doubted that they would inspire goodwill), and also conscious of Mr. Sabelli’s extreme urbanity, and loyalty to the interests of his side, we are analysing the causes of the wholesale American victory.

“ If women’s international matches are to assume the same importance and encourage the same friendly rivalry as men’s matches, they will demand the same scientific organizations, the same careful training, the same expert

judgment of conditions abroad and of players' form in their own country as men's contests. That is, if victory really matters. Personally, I think it does matter, not so much for the players who are actually participating in the match, but for the vast army of players who are left at home and who need, as all armies need, the stimulus of achievement.

"In my judgment Miss McKane played quite as well against Miss Wills as she has ever played. She had need to, because Miss Wills was playing better than any of Miss McKane's European opponents except 'Suzanne,' and she was serving harder and sometimes driving harder than the French girl, though she may not always have placed the ball so accurately nor with such conscious effect of what was going to happen in the next stroke.

"As for Miss Wills, I shall not be singular if I predict a great future for her on the courts. My experience stretches back nearly a quarter of a century, but I have never seen any girl recover with such unbreakable resolution (though she was outwardly quite calm) as she did in the second set against Miss McKane. She may have got a lucky net-cord stroke; many brave people get these strokes of luck, and they deserve them. It was a very fine performance.

"Mrs. Mallory is a law unto herself. She wins more with her head and her heart than with her hand, but her hand can be very steady in defence and very quick when the opening has been made. If there is a better sports-woman I have never met her.

"I saw Mrs. Wightman play for the first time. There is no strategist quite her equal in Europe to-day. No wonder Bill Johnston would rather consult her than almost any man. She made some volleying errors in her doubles match, but they were errors only of fatigue, never of position. Her low volleying was as delightful to watch as it must have been as disconcerting to play against. Her lobs and lob-volleys were wonderful in their delicacy and judgment. She cannot expect to cover court as quickly as she formerly did, but what she loses in activity she

gains in tactical skill. She is one of the few players (Doherty, Brookes, Mrs. Larcombe and Mlle. Lenglen are others) who seem to attract the ball to the racket."

Mr. Myers has placed his fingers on the same indication of careless preparation that impressed me. In international tennis one cannot take chances in preparation if one is to obtain results.

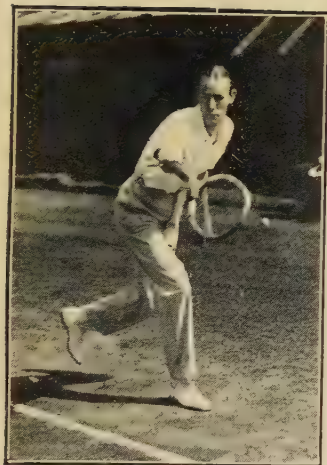
CHAPTER VI

INTERNATIONAL TENNIS (*continued*)

FOR over fifteen years the supremacy of the tennis world has rested in the United States or Australia, with England as an occasional contender. The past three years have seen great changes looming. The United States, through the good fortune to develop a small group of super-stars, have tenaciously held on to the championship, yet each season has found our margin of safety diminishing. Three distinct new powers have come to the fore. Japan, with Zenzo Shimizu, Ichiya Kumagoe, Masanosuke Fukuda, and now the two new players Okomoto and Harada, is forging rapidly to the front. Spain, by virtue of the prowess of Manuel Alonso, Jose Alonso, Count Manuel de Gomar and Edward Flaquer, is one of the most serious contenders for the title; while France, with Henri Cochet, Rene La Coste, Jean Brugnon, Jacques Borotra, and several other young stars, is knocking at the door of fame. Australia has held her own, but England has slipped from

her place in the sun. There is no doubt that the United States must carefully develop her resources if we are to retain the Davis Cup in future years.

I am often forced to ask myself the question, "Is the retention of the Davis Cup by one country over a long period of years a good thing for the game?" I am gradually approaching the conclusion that, under the present system of play, it is not. The tremendous distances to be covered by the challenging teams, which naturally entail enormous expenses even under the new zoning system, force the challenging nations to great hardships. The champion nation, which plays the challenge round against the survivor of the inter-zone final, determined by the elimination tournaments of the two zones and the meeting of the respective winners, has no travelling, as the challenge round is played on its home courts, with very little expense and a large share of the proceeds. The challenge round presents almost the case of the champion nation having its cake and eating it too. No man can play in a foreign country under alien conditions of climate, food and courts and not be at some disadvantage. It seems unfortunate that it is the challenger who should be forced to bear this disadvantage. I believe the time has come to do away with the challenge round in the Davis Cup. The United States has



J. O. ANDERSON (AUSTRALIA)



GERALD L. PATTERSON (AUSTRALIA)



MANUEL ALONSO (SPAIN)



BRIAN I. C. NORTON (SOUTH AFRICA)

FOUR STRIKING PERSONALITIES

always stood for the playing through champion. The champion has been compelled to play through the National Singles Championship of the United States for more than ten years. The doubles champions have played through the events for five years. England yielded to the popular demand for a playing through champion when the challenge round at Wimbledon was eliminated in 1922. Does it not seem that a nation should be required to play through if its individual champion is held to that requirement?

Naturally, the champion nation is entitled to some reward for its position. To-day the challenge round and its consequent advantages of home conditions of play seem to me almost too great. My suggestion to overcome any feeling that the champion nation is suffering a hardship by giving up the challenge round and playing through the competition, is that the inter-zone final round, which will then determine the winner of the Davis Cup for that season, be played in the champion nation, which will share in the receipts, even though the champion may have been previously defeated in the early rounds of the competition. There is a strong feeling among the European countries, particularly France, that some new method of pooling receipts of the Davis Cup should be worked out and adopted. Personally, I believe

that the entry of the champion nation into competition on the same plane as any other contestant would do much to relieve the feeling of dissatisfaction existing to-day.

The United States faces a serious problem in its Davis Cup team. We have been blessed by a wonderful group of players—such men as R. N. Williams 2nd, William M. Johnston, Watson Washburn, Maurice E. McLoughlin, Wallace Johnson, and others. Yet many of these men are to-day on the verge of passing from international competition. Some have already retired. Tennis is a game of youth, speed and energy. Our Davis Cup defenders are thirty years of age or more. We cannot count on them for more than a few more seasons. Youth must come to the fore. It is among a small group of young stars that we must work to fill the gap. Every year brings its new sensations. The season of 1923 found Carl Fischer of Philadelphia, Francis T. Hunter of New York, and Harvey Snodgrass of Los Angeles, as the outstanding new figures in America. Frank T. Anderson of New York, Arnold W. Jones of Providence, J. M. Davies of California, Alfred H. Chapin, Jr., of Springfield, Mass., and George Lott of Chicago, gave promise of fame in the future, yet, in spite of this array of promising possibilities, I am forced to sound a serious warning for the future.

There is no doubt that the next few years will see the passing of William M. Johnston; R. N. Williams 2nd, and myself from the ranks of the American Cup defenders. Many leading experts believe that the defeat J. O. Anderson administered to Johnston in the 1923 Davis Cup Challenge round was the beginning of the end of Little Bill. I cannot see their view-point, although I know that permanent retrogression must come within a few years to both Bill Johnston and to me. The answer to Johnston's failure against Anderson lay in the Australian captain's magnificent tennis, which surprised the American, coupled with a bad case of mental staleness resulting from Johnston's long, arduous season abroad.

In my opinion, no greater mistake could possibly be made than to think that Johnston has permanently slipped or that his days as a championship contender are over. The whole question is one of two totally different view-points which many observers are blending into one. It is really, "Has Johnston slipped at the present moment?" and, second, "Is it permanent?" The answer to the first is, "Yes!" To the second, "Decidedly no!"

Let me show the causes for Johnston's unimpressive final month of tennis—unimpressive only for him. For anyone else it would have been superlative. The great underlying factor in Johnston's

temporary lapse is mental staleness. I believe that Johnston was in good physical condition all the year, but he grew very weary of tennis in September. He had spent six long hard weeks abroad, in which he brought honour to his country by winning the Hard Court and Grass Court Championships of the World. No one who has not been through it can imagine even faintly the mental strain of international tennis, in which you must not only play well, but during which you must guard every word you utter for fear of misinterpretation. Johnston acquitted himself nobly, but paid the inevitable toll. He returned to America, tennis-tired.

It was at this point that he made a mistake. Instead of journeying away to the country, where tennis would be forgotten, he played at Seabright, and then followed the game at other events. He never really escaped the tennis atmosphere. It was this variety of brain-fag, this slackening of his usually keen determination, that brought about his defeat by Anderson and his unexpectedly severe setback at my hands in the National Singles. It was his season more than his opponents that defeated Johnston.

Will he come back? Yes, decidedly yes. A long rest and no tennis will put Johnston back at the top of his game. I have had a concrete example of what rest will do for him by his showing in

the East *v.* West matches. The week intervening between the end of the Singles and the opening of the East *v.* West event found him engrossed in business matters that kept his mind free from tennis. He went into the match with me in the East-West tourney with no worries of a tennis nature. He flashed the best tennis of his 1923 season.

That I managed to win two close deuce sets, 8-6, 7-5, was due to the breaks of the game, possibly my best shots when they counted most, not to Johnston's errors, as it was in the nationals. He might have won just as well as I. It was a match over which both of us could feel satisfied, no matter what the outcome, for we both played well. I felt all the time throughout the match that Johnston was sounding his rallying cry, was shouting defiance to those who a few short days before had cried, "He's through! He's done! It's the end of Little Bill!"

It may only be the beginning, for Johnston is far too sound a tennis player, too keen a tactician, too gallant a fighter and too young a man to fall from his position at the top of the tennis world for some years. I know that next year Johnston will not repeat his mistake of this season. I believe that his march to victory in the Davis Cup and nationals of 1924 will see no such signs of staggering

by the wayside as this year's tourney. I expect to see Johnston as good as or better than ever in 1924.

The serious aspect of the situation lies in the lack of development, possibly even the retrogression of Vincent Richards and the standstill of Arnold Jones. It is true that Jones had two notable victories during the 1923 season, one over Zenzo Shimizu at Providence, the other at Newport when he defeated Manuel Alonso, yet, notwithstanding these achievements, his whole year did not show the improvement which his game, under ordinary conditions, warranted.

Richards was a bitter disappointment. His early season was magnificent. His play in England at Queen's Club, where he won the London Championships, and at Wimbledon, where he was eliminated from the World's Title by none less than Johnston in a brilliant match, gave promise that Richards was steadily improving, and won him the unanimous praise of the English critics. He returned home and suddenly his game collapsed. He went down to defeat at the hands of Harvey Snodgrass at Newport. Only luck saved him against Dr. George King, a second-string player of the New York district, when he trailed 5-3 and 30-0 in the final set, at Southampton. The biggest upset of his whole season came in the National Championships

when Francis T. Hunter scored a sensational five set victory after Richards led 4-1 and 2 sets to 1. The fact must be admitted that Richards has limitations that seem destined to hold him from the first flight, limitations that will always make him a dangerous player to depend on in the Davis Cup. Richards' ground game is too soft and defensive to stand successfully against the drive and power of men like Johnston or the present-day Anderson. If Richards is to carry America's burden in future Davis Cup matches he must acquire an offensive drive off fore and backhand. This he is not willing to do. In his matches he shows a tendency to idle which, if permitted to grow, will cost him his greatest asset, dogged determination to win.

The tennis mystery of America, Vincent Richards, is in need of a speedy solution. We seem fated to have our greatest youngster prove to be a flash in the pan, unless some quick restorative is applied to his fading power. The season of 1923 has been one of retrogression, not progress, for Richards, who at twenty seems to have passed his peak. Unless he finds some inspiration to force him back into the paths of progress, his slip-back will be permanent.

Vincent Richards seems bored with tennis. One almost senses his attitude of inattention to the game,

even in big matches. This is the casual and general explanation of his recent retrogression. It is an unthinking, inaccurate estimate of the situation. Let me attempt to draw the picture in its true light, as seen by one who has followed Richards' advance, step by step, since first he flashed into the tennis sky.

It was in 1918 that Richards and I teamed up. In those days the boy was a marvellous natural volleyer, with little or no ground game beyond a steady, accurate chop or slice shot. I used to urge him, plead with him, argue with him and almost fight with him to learn a sound, fast drive, both fore and backhand. But Richards would always reply : " I can win from most players with my present game." It was true. He could. But, as I used to point out to him, he could not beat the best, when they were right, with his defensive ground strokes. Richards did not agree, and he continued with his slice shot.

A few years passed, and Richards scored many notable victories. I have reason to know, for I fell before him many times in comparatively unimportant tournaments. Yet he never scored over Johnston, or, in a big match, over me. Our soundness and speed off the ground cost him every victory of consequence.

It is a serious situation which Richards faces.

He is no longer "The wonder-boy of the courts." He is now a man, up against the problems and vicissitudes of a man. His game must solidify or collapse. If Richards is to win, to hold his place or fulfil his promise of premier player of the world, he must throw carelessness and self-satisfaction to the winds and learn a serious, solid, driving, aggressive ground game to back up that superlative net attack.

Can he do it? Yes! Vincent Richards is a born tennis genius. There is nothing in the game which he cannot master if he is willing to settle down and study, work and practise.

Will he do it? Ah, there is another question. The matter rests in his hands. I hope sincerely that he will. Richards is a unique and attractive personality, a player whom we need, a player who may well become one of the greatest stars of all time. He is a fine sportsman, popular with galleries, and deservedly so.

Only time can tell what Richards will show. He stands where the trail divides. One hand calls for work, study, progress, and leads to success. The other, through carelessness, lack of concentration, leads to oblivion. Which will he choose?

I know that I am expressing the earnest hope of the tennis public of the world when I say that I hope he will choose the first. May all good luck

be his to crown his efforts, if he starts along the road, where in the distance looms his goal - the championship of the world.

A new figure who may prove a real power within the next few years is Carl Fischer, the young left-handed star from Philadelphia. In Fischer one finds all of the speed, aggressiveness and daring to make a first flight player, but until the season just past he did not have the judgment, steadiness, coolness and courage for great match play. In 1923 he found himself. His lapses were shorter and less frequent, his superlative spurts more sustained. He won the intercollegiate championship of the United States from the most representative field of recent years. He defeated R. N. Williams, 2nd, Robert and Howard Kinsey, C. J. Griffin, Dean Mathey, Laurence Rice, Masanosuke Fukuda and S. H. Voshell during the year, losing only to Wallace F. Johnson, Vincent Richards, R. N. Williams, 2nd, Burnam Dell (the one serious blot on his record), and myself. Fischer may prove America's future Davis Cup hope. He must consolidate his game. It is now too loose in his control, judgment and choice of stroke. Fischer is headstrong, erratic, but aggressive in his matches, often wasting valuable energy which he should conserve, by trying to rush an old stager off his feet - one of the hardest things in the game.

Francis T. Hunter of New York created a sensation and jumped to the front rank of American tennis by virtue of his wonderful season of 1923. Hunter until that year had been regarded as one of the best second string players, but hardly as of championship calibre. He opened his 1923 season with a clean-cut victory over R. N. Williams, 2nd in the Church Cup tournament, and followed this up by reaching the finals at Wimbledon where he lost to William M. Johnston. He capped his work by defeating Rene La Coste, Vincent Richards and Robert Kinsey in succession in the American Singles championship, and forced William M. Johnston hard before losing in the semi-final round.

For ten years Hunter, who is about twenty-eight years of age, had been a player of one stroke, a player noted for his forehand drive and for little else. Hunter was keen to become a first rank tennis player and worked earnestly at the game with that in view. He practised on his backhand and at volleying, rounding out his game to bolster up his terrific swat off the forehand. Notwithstanding Francis Hunter's undoubted ability, I cannot regard him as a material assistance to the future defence of the Davis Cup. In the first place, he is nearly the same age as Johnston, Williams and myself, so that when age puts us in the discard, Hunter will be no spry youth. Second, excellent as

his game is at this time, it is still too defective to withstand the onslaught of a first flight tennis player. Johnston proved it at Wimbledon and again at Germantown in the American championship. Hunter, notwithstanding his record, cannot be counted on for the future.

Harvey Snodgrass of California startled the tennis world in the early season of 1923 by defeating William M. Johnston in the final round of the invitation event at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles. On the strength of his victory he was sent East and made a creditable showing, scoring victories over Vincent Richards, N. W. Niles, L. B. Rice, and others, but the whole season's record was not one to place him in the light of a future Davis Cup player. Snodgrass is a man in his late twenties, as is Hunter, and while his game is good, it is hardly sound enough to stand up in modern Davis Cup competition.

The National Lawn Tennis Association faces a serious problem. Frankly, I expect to see the Davis Cup leave our shores within five years. It is quite within the realm of possibility that 1924 may hear our swan song as tennis leader. If Johnston is really through, as many believe, then we are in great danger. One man cannot win the cup alone. This has been proved too often in the past. Even Maurice McLoughlin, in the heyday of his

greatness, could not withstand the combined force of Brookes and Wilding. We must plug our weakening defences. Some one must be groomed to take the places which seem about to be deserted. Every year the thrill of competition grows less and the strain more irksome to me. When I find that tennis ceases to be pleasure and becomes work, I will quit the game. Every season brings me closer to that feeling. Some day I shall wake up, sick of the whole game, and then I shall retire. Who knows? It may be to-morrow. The Davis Cup Committee faces a very delicate and dangerous task in the next few years. If they lose both Johnston and me next year, their wisdom must amount almost to clairvoyance if they are to build up a team to retain the cup.

Let us consider the prospects in foreign lands.

England is an unknown quantity. If Colonel Kingscote and Randolph Lycett both play next year, together with such young stars as Jack Wheatley and Max Woosnam, the English team may be a real factor in the European Zone. If the veterans retire, England will be a negligible quantity for some years to come.

Spain is undoubtedly the most dangerous new element in tennis. Every season the game is making marked strides, with new players rising to the fore, all of them young, vigorous and spectacular. In

Manuel Alonso, Spain can lay claim to the finest potential champion in the world. If this great star improves as much within the next twelve months as he has within the past, he should be pounding on the door of the World's Championship. Manuel Alonso, alone, would make a Davis Cup team, yet with him is Count de Gomar who in 1923 lost but one match, that to La Coste of France. His victory over Lycett proves him a first flight star. These two Spaniards, backed up by Flaquer, Jose Alonso and any one of the young stars now developing, will be a team that may well carry the Davis Cup to sunny Spain.

France, early in 1923, seemed to be the strongest tennis nation in Europe. Then came the unexplained and inexplicable collapse of Henri Cochet, the slump of Barotra, the retirement of Gobert, and the rise of Rene La Coste. I hardly know how to sum up the situation. If Cochet and Barotra retrieve their losses, if they can rise from the slump into which both seem to have sunk, then France is again the potential European Champion. I see no cause for serious worry over Cochet and Barotra. They are young, sound players. I cannot believe that their retrogression is permanent. In La Coste France has a marvellous youngster. Still in his teens, this remarkable little player has forced many of the great stars of the world to close, hard matches.

The great defect in his game is lack of speed, due, off his forehand, to his faulty racket grip. He has a magnificent backhand and volley, a splendid temperament (usually the downfall of the French tennis stars), and a keen brain. France, with Cochet, Barotra and La Coste at their best, will be a tremendous power in the Davis Cup for a period of years. Without Cochet and Barotra, La Coste alone cannot carry the whole burden. Brugnon and Blanchy, the new French Champion, are hardly of Davis Cup calibre; they should be considered rather in the light of substitutes.

Holland with Demer-Kool and Belgium with J. C. Washer can build up future teams around these two stars, but at the present neither nation is a very serious factor. B. I. C. Norton could put a great team in the field. Norton is absolutely first class. His victory over Williams in the American Championships in 1923 proves him capable of beating anyone. Norton, with Winslow and Raymond, would make a great team, a team that might be a real contender for the Cup.

India with Jacob, the Fyzee Brothers and Deane, will never be a serious contender but will always furnish stiff opposition. I see no signs of any young stars coming to the fore.

The nations which played in the American Zone furnish much more interesting study. Australia,

without the shadow of a doubt, is closely pressing America for the tennis leadership of the world. Even her second string team, with only J. O. Anderson of her first string men on it, forced America to a bitter struggle to hold the Cup. Let us look at the potentialities of the Antipodean team. In J. O. Anderson and Gerald L. Patterson, Australia can rightly boast two of the greatest tennis players of the world. Anderson has scored victories over Johnston, Williams, Patterson, La Coste, Shimizu and me within three years. His tremendous speed seems to be steadying down, and while he is just as severe he is no longer the erratic wild-man of 1922. His Davis Cup performances of 1923 place him undisputed among the greatest players in the world. Gerald Patterson, with two world championships to his credit, and his splendid Davis Cup record, needs no further recommendation from me at this time. His position is assured. Pat O'Hara-Wood, the third member of the Australian Big Four, is one of the greatest doubles players in the world, if not the greatest. O'Hara-Wood, with Gerald Patterson, crushed, annihilated and overwhelmed Vincent Richards and me in 1922 Davis Cup tie by a display of doubles that was only equalled by Patterson the same day, or Norman Brookes any day. I believe that Australia has in Patterson and O'Hara-Wood the best doubles team in the world. The last mem-

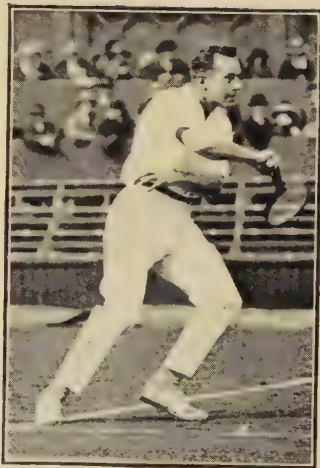
ber of the Big Four, the greatest single tennis asset any nation in the world owns, is the sole selector of the Davis Cup team, captain extraordinary, tennis wizard par excellence—Norman E. Brookes, master of them all. Brookes' playing days are over so far as international competition is concerned, but his advice, judgment and coaching make him the most valuable man in Australia. I hear that he may return to Davis Cup competition in 1924, not as player but as captain and manager. If Australia sends Anderson, Patterson, O'Hara-Wood and Brookes in quest of the Davis Cup, I frankly admit that I concede them at least an even chance of winning it. Australia is steadily developing material for the future. The 1923 season found Patterson and O'Hara-Wood unable to compete, so Brookes wisely selected a young team to play and to gain experience under the able captaincy of J. O. Anderson. Three youngsters, J. B. Hawkes, Ian McInnis and Robert Schlessinger, journeyed to America and reached the challenge round. Hawkes is already a "Veteran Internationalist," being twenty-four and having already played one Davis Cup season abroad. McInnis and Schlessinger are new-comers of real promise. Young McInnis, with his fine hitting style, sparkling, aggressive net play and delightful court manner, may some day be a world-famous figure in international tennis. I maintain that

Australia is the outstanding tennis nation after America, even taking precedence over Spain, France, England, and Japan. I expect to see the Antipodeans make a determined attack on the American defence of the Davis Cup within the next few years.

Japan is another nation that is rising to a position of power which threatens the Davis Cup. The Japanese Davis Cup team of 1923 did not appear as impressive as expected, but this was due to the illness of their star, Zenzo Shimizu. Their new champion, Masanosuke Fukuda, had not found himself in international competition but showed that he is a player of infinite promise. It is of the future that I write. Next year Shimizu should again reach the form which carried him to the World's First Ten in 1920 and 1921. Fukuda will have a year's experience in which he has derived much from the rigours and vigours of American Tennis. He will be steadier and cooler, more resourceful and less erratic. I believe that he will be a dangerous opponent in 1924. I understand that Okomoto, the Japanese Champion of Calcutta, may be on their Davis Cup team next year. Shimizu says that he is a great player, equal to Fukuda. If so, Japan will have an excellent chance to come through in the American Zone, particularly if Australia plays in Europe. Ichiya Kumagae, the first of the great Japanese tennis



CARL FISCHER



FRANCIS T. HUNTER



HARVEY SNODGRASS



ROBERT AND HOWARD O. KINSEY

FIVE U.S. STARS IN THEIR ASCENDENCY

stars, who resided for some years in America, was recalled to Japan two years ago. Since then he has been instrumental in developing many young players along the lines of American tennis. Fukuda is a product of his coaching and, strange to say, has a far sounder, more orthodox fame than Kumagae ever played. This leads me to believe that Kumagae is proving an excellent teacher, that he is propounding sound theory which the Japanese youth is putting into good effect. I am inclined to believe that the years to come will find more and better players appearing annually in Japan. I hold that Japan is in a position that may some day carry her to the heights of world tennis.

Canada made its reappearance in Davis Cup play with a young team of coming stars. I cannot say that at the moment Canada is dangerous, but any country that has three youngsters as promising as Williard Crocker, Joe Wright and Rennie may some day find itself on the high road to victory. Canada wisely is pinning its faith in youth. Crocker and Wright are almost boys. Both of them have modern all court games, full of speed, aggressiveness and sound stroking. Five years of international competition and this pair of youngsters may place Canada in the list of serious contenders for the Davis Cup.

The day of age is past. Youth, speed, liberal

thought: these are the factors in International Tennis to-day. Only those nations which are bringing young aggressive players to the fore can hope successfully to hold their positions or to forge to the front rank. Let us have new faces, new games, new champions. Let us have progress.



CHAPTER VII

WOMEN IN TENNIS

EVER since Kipling told a waiting world that the female of the species was more deadly than the male, there has been a marked advance in woman's position in the tennis world. However, I cannot believe that Kipling is wholly to blame. Somehow I think that the rise of women in tennis is due to other causes than the fear induced among mere man by Kipling's pronouncement.

Sport for women has been steadily gaining headway all over the world for the past two decades. The days of the clinging, old-fashioned vine passed away with women's rise to political equality, business emancipation, and their part in the war. No longer is the woman's place only in the home. She is meeting men on an equal footing politically, economically, and in some ways athletically. Woman's tennis has shown remarkable growth during the years since the war. Women played tennis, and played it well, a great many years before the World War gave them the final push to independence, but

the quantity and quality of play has jumped marvelously since 1914. Great champions of the past stand out like beacon lights against a sea of mediocrity, while to-day every country has several players who are forcing the present champion hard to hold her position.

May Sutton, now Mrs. Thomas H. Bundy, Hazel Hotchkiss (Mrs. George Wightman), Mrs. Lambert-Chambers, Mlle. Brocadies (Mme. Billoutt, predecessor of Suzanne Lenglen), outclassed their contemporaries in their reigns. To-day, with the exception of France, with Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, no country has one outstanding figure. It is fitting and proper that such is the case. Every woman is benefited by sport. Normal healthy exercise strengthens her physically and nervously and gives her better poise and grace for her social and domestic duties. There is a broadening influence to athletic competition that fits well with the new conception of woman's place in civilization. The hail-fellow-well-met manner of the athletic field is part and parcel of the new woman. Some people fear that tennis is too great a physical strain for a woman. I cannot see that there is ground for this view if one glances at the women who have won fame on the court. May Sutton Bundy, for years a great player, is the mother of a large family of splendid 'children, and she still plays tournament tennis of a type that would tire

many men. Mrs. Lambert-Chambers of England was the premier player of the British Isles when she had passed the forty year mark. Helen Wills, the champion of the United States, a tennis prodigy, is one of the finest physical examples of young womanhood to be found. Every nation may point with pride to the physical fitness of its athletic women. I can see no harm and I can see great good, physically, accruing to the women of any nation if they take up tennis. There is a beauty in health that no amount of cosmetics can successfully copy, and there is health in tennis.

I am often asked to compare women's ability with men's. The usual form of the question comes in the relative ability of Suzanne Lenglen or Helen Wills and William M. Johnston or Vincent Richards. The answer is easy and certain. They are not in the same class. It is like attempting to compare Wagner's operas to musical comedy. Each has its class and its place and one need not have any influence on the other, although both are music. Johnston or Richards could give two points each game to either Suzanne Lenglen or Helen Wills and beat them as they pleased. This is not said to detract from the ability of the women. So far as their game goes, in their class they are just as great artists as Johnston or Richards, but the physical limitations of height, weight, speed of foot and bodily

structure prohibit women ever attaining an equal skill with men in tennis.

Women's tennis is essentially a matter of steadiness, accuracy and placement rather than of speed. I have never believed that a woman can successfully play the net. Women have not the necessary speed of foot, the reach or the stamina to stand the strain of a net attack for two long sets, much less for three. This has been conclusively proved by the great champions. May Sutton was essentially a baseline player, relying on her famous drive to win. Mrs. Lambert-Chambers seldom if ever advanced to the net. Mlle. Brocadies always stayed on the backline. Hazel Wightman and Mary Kendall Browne seemed partially to refute this rule, by forcing the net with some degree of regularity, but once they met the wonderful baseline play of Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, they yielded to her, often winning the first set but lacking the strength to hold the net against Mrs. Mallory's driving. The seven-year reign of Mrs. Mallory as champion of the United States establishes pretty clearly the fact that woman's tennis is back court tennis, for Mrs. Mallory has practically no net game. Even Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, possibly the finest woman net player the world has ever seen, relies on her baseline game to win in singles. Helen Wills, excellent volleyer that she is, is essentially a driving player. The ultimate

goal of woman's tennis is not exclusively the baseline game, but that is undoubtedly the foundation on which their game must be built even more solidly than a man's. I believe a woman should learn to volley and should advance to the net when she has driven her opponent into a disadvantageous position, but I do not believe in a woman ever attempting consistently to play a net game.

Women's tennis in France and England had advanced farther than in the United States until after the war. The United States developed a few players, notably May Sutton, who equalled the best in the Old World, but our average standard was much lower. Even to-day, notwithstanding the sensational victory of the United States over the team of English women who competed here in 1923 for the Wightman Cup, I consider women's tennis on a higher plane in England than in the United States. One reason for the marked progress in women's tennis in America during the past few years is the manner of dress which has been coming into vogue. It was not until a few brave souls, among whom Miss Eleonora Sears of Boston was notable, refused to attempt to play tennis in the long trailing skirt of fashion, and appeared in the modern sports skirt, which ends just below the knees, that American women realized that they could run. Tight, binding

garments went into discard in favour of suitable, comfortable sports clothes, and what fashion started the war finished, so that to-day a woman dresses with much the same style and comfort as a man. The immediate result was the jump in the average standard of sport among women. After all, one must be able to swing freely and to stretch if one is to take part in athletics.

Women's tennis in America had never had much encouragement or development until about 1914, when Mrs. George Wightman, Florence Ballin and a small group of women brought the matter of a serious tournament schedule for women to the attention of the United States Lawn Tennis Association. Mrs. Wightman, no longer actively engaged in singles competition herself, took several promising young players under her wing and gave them the benefit of her coaching and experience. It is to her efforts that the United States owes Mrs. Marion Zinderstein Jessup, Miss Leslie Bancroft and Miss Edith Sigourney, all of whom are among our leading stars to-day. Increased competition meant increased interest, so that thousands of schoolgirls all over the United States took up tennis as against the few who had played previously.

The United States to-day has a magnificent army of talent, led by Helen Wills our National Champion ; the group includes Mrs. Franklin F. Mallory (the

famous Molla Bjurstedt), May Sutton Bundy, Mary K. Browne, Mrs. George Wightman (Hazel Hotchkiss), Eleanor Goss, Leslie Bancroft, Edith Sigourney, Martha Bayard, Florence Ballin, Lillian Scharman, Louise Raymond, Ceres Boher, and many others of equal ability. Any of these women will hold their own in tournament competition of the highest class.

England is still the strongest nation in women's tennis. One must concede France the individual world's champion in Suzanne Lenglen, yet one player cannot lift a nation to a place of power. There is a wonderful body of tennis players among the English women. Two of their greatest stars, Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Mrs. Larcombe, recently retired from the game, but even their loss has not swung the balance of power. The English women play tennis all the time. Tennis is a part of the life and education of English girls. They play for many years. They do not marry and drop the game as many American girls do. They marry and continue to play. The easy-going, soft, accurate baseline game of the English has little or no wear and tear on the player, so that many English women play until the half-century mark or more is reached. In America the average woman gives up sport in her thirties. It seems a pity to me. The leading stars among English women to-day are playing a more

modern type of tennis than the men. It seems strange that a nation should lead the world in women's tennis and yet be in the ruck of mediocrity in men's.

Kathleen McKane, the premier English player, is a star of the first magnitude. Notwithstanding her somewhat disappointing show in the United States in 1923, when she represented England in the Wightman Cup matches and lost to Mrs. Mallory and Miss Wills during her stay in this country, Miss McKane is a great tennis player. It is no disgrace to lose to Miss Wills or Mrs. Mallory on their home courts, for our National Champion and ex-title holder are two of the most remarkable players the game has ever known. Miss McKane defeated Mrs. Mallory in England several times. It is a magnificent game that this young English woman has developed. Her ground strokes are splendidly executed drives, fore or backhand, her volleying is clean cut and decisive, and her service and overhead are first class. Her style is very similar to Suzanne Lenglen's without the mechanical perfection that features the French girl's playing. Miss McKane has lapses from steadiness which Mlle. Lenglen never knows. I believe that Miss McKane and Helen Wills are the only serious contenders to-day for Mlle. Lenglen's title of champion of the world, for I fear that Mrs. Mallory, Miss Ryan, Mrs. Beamish

and the other stars have passed their zenith or at least will not progress, while Mlle. Lenglen in Europe is still supreme. Miss Elizabeth Ryan, the ex-Californian, who has lived in England so long that she must be regarded as an English player, is but a shade below Miss McKane. Miss Ryan, with her peculiar chop stroke, splendid volley and her fighting temperament certainly ranks with the finest women players in the world. Mrs. Satterthwaite, Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Cadle and many others are but a shade below Miss McKane and Miss Ryan in ability. It is seldom if ever that any one nation has developed so large a group of such well matched top flight players.

France is dominated by Suzanne Lenglen. No one can question Mlle. Lenglen's tennis ability, even if one may deplore her attacks of temperament. The French champion is the greatest artiste of the racket that the tennis world has ever known. For stroke production, speed of foot, accuracy and grace she stands alone. The only weakness is her temperament. I cannot come out unreservedly in praise of any champion who is not as great in defeat as in victory. In victory Mlle. Lenglen is supreme, superlative, almost superhuman. In defeat she is unimpressive, petty and regrettable. There are no flaws to pick in Mlle. Lenglen's tennis technique. She seems to be able to execute every stroke with ease

and precision. The dominance of this champion has been so great that she has had a tendency to discourage opponents who actually should have done better against her than they did. Her only defeat in singles in five years was at the hands of Mrs. Mallory at Forest Hills in 1921, and this was due to the ferocious fighting attack of the great American far more than to anything else. One defeat in five years is almost if not quite unprecedented.

There are many fine players among the French women. Mme. Billioutt (Mlle. Brocadies) is still a great player. Mme. Golding is second only to Mlle. Lenglen, while Mlle. Jung is rapidly forging to the front ; yet Mlle. Lenglen so overshadows the woman's tennis of France that little or nothing is known of these other stars.

Spain has produced a new figure who, many critics believe, will be the successor to Mlle. Lenglen, in the person of Señorita Alvarez.

This young star, educated in a large measure in Switzerland, where much of her tennis was learned, is a notable sportswoman. She has attained fame in skating and several other activities besides tennis. I have not seen Señorita Alvarez, but those of my friends who have, assure me that she is potentially a mighty champion. I am told she has more speed of shot than Mlle. Lenglen, equal if not greater speed of foot and a tempera-

ment more suited to hard tournament competition. Only lack of control of shot and experience in match play hold her back from championship honours to-day.

I was much impressed by the recent appearance of Japanese women in tennis competition. The general opinion is that the Oriental women are shielded and treated as hothouse plants. It seems a significant sign of the trend of the times and the world movement to freedom among women that the Japanese women should be engaging in sport.

Australia, India, South Africa, all have produced women players of sterling ability. Mrs. Peacock, champion of India, is on a par with Mrs. Beamish or Miss Ryan of England or Mrs. Jessup or Miss Goss of the United States. The Australian champions, while hardly the equal of Mrs. Mallory, Miss Wills or Miss McKane, are certainly very close to the same class.

Surely, such universal participation in any sport is sufficient endorsement of tennis for women. It is a game that should be encouraged among the school girls of the world. The present day in woman's tennis is distinctly the day of youth.

Mlle. Lenglen is in her middle twenties. Katherine McKane is about the same age. Helen Wills, the champion of the United States, is still in her teens,

while Señorita Alvarez is barely twenty-one. It seems to me that tennis is steadily gaining as the universal sport for women, a common meeting-ground where social pleasures, physical benefits and competitive rivalry join for the good of the player.

One of the most interesting developments in woman's tennis was the inauguration in 1923 of the International matches for the Wightman Cup. This trophy, presented by Mrs. George Wightman (Hazel Hotchkiss), wife of the president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, represents to women's tennis what the famous Davis Cup stands for in men's. It is emblematic of the team championship of the world. The idea is not a new one. In the early years of the twentieth century, Lady Waver-tree of England offered to present such a trophy, but at that time the English Tennis Association did not consider the plan feasible and the offer was declined.

The growth in woman's independence, the war and the part women played during it, wiped out many of the prejudices against their competing internationally, and when Mrs. Wightman made her offer in 1921, the United States Lawn Tennis Association accepted and issued invitations for challenges. It was not until 1923 that England accepted, and sent a team to the United States. The triumph of

the American women was both surprising and crushing, for they won 7 matches to 0 (in a meeting which is described elsewhere). The present status of the Wightman Cup is for team matches between England and the United States, yet I am sure that gradually other nations will join in the competition. It was not until some years after the donation of the Davis Cup that any nations except England and America took part in the play, but to-day twenty nations compete. The 1924 season will see an American team journey to England to play for the Wightman Cup, for the deed of gift wisely calls for rotation of competition, thus allowing no one nation to obtain the annual advantage of home climate and home courts simply because it is champion. The future of the Wightman Cup competition in years to come should be interesting and significant.

The United States will draw teams for a few years from Helen Wills, Molla Mallory, Mary Browne, Marion Jessup, Eleanor Goss, May Sutton Bundy, Lillian Scharman, Leslie Bancroft, Hazel Wightman and any new young stars who may arise. This is a formidable array of talent.

England can place in the field a team from Kathleen McKane, Elizabeth Ryan, Phillis Satterthwaite, Mrs. Geraldine Beamish, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Cagle and Mrs. Lambert-Chambers (in doubles).

It is in the other nations, if the competition spreads, that I am interested. The cup competition calls for a number of singles and doubles matches—seven in all, with a player eligible to play in both. It is possible that France with Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, Mme. Billioutt, Mme. Golding and Mlle. Jung might be able to lift the cup. The other playing nations have not quite the strength at the moment to be serious contenders, yet I look forward to seeing Spain, Japan and Australia competing before many years have passed.

There is another singular angle to women's teams and one that seems unjust, namely the question of the eligibility in Olympic competition of a woman who marries the citizen of another country after she has once competed for the land of her birth. The matter came to a head in the case of Molla Bjurstedt Mallory, former champion of Norway and the United States in 1924 Olympics. Some twelve years previous to this, Mrs. Mallory, then Molla Bjurstedt, Norwegian by birth, had played for Norway in the Olympic tennis. Several years later she emigrated to the United States, where she has lived ever since. Here she met and married Franklin I. Mallory, a citizen of the United States, and thereby automatically became an American citizen. In 1924 Mrs. Mallory, who had held the Woman's Singles Tennis Championship of the United States for seven

years and had represented America against England in the Wightman Cup matches in 1923, was named on the American Olympic team. The French Olympic Committee in charge of the events at Paris in 1924, refused her entry, citing the rule that forbids the competition under the colours of one country of a person who has previously represented another country in the Olympic competition. Technically, the committee was correct. The rule is a wise one since it does away with the floating or tramp athlete, yet certainly in the case of a woman in the position of Mrs. Mallory it works a grave injustice. The rule should stand, but an exception should be inserted that provides that a woman marrying the citizen of another country should become eligible to compete for the country of her adoption by marriage, whether she has played for her native land or not. Certainly no one can be so foolish as to think that a woman would marry merely to represent a certain country, yet to bar her playing after marriage, for the country which is now her home land, seems rank injustice.

The defeat of Mrs. Mallory in the United States Championship in 1923 was, to me, almost a tennis tragedy. The wonderful courage of Molla that had already won her seven titles and tied the American record, had carried her back from the road of discouragement which she had trod abroad, to a sensa-

tional series of victories, only to have the new record of eight championships wrested from her at the last moment.

Mrs. Mallory opened the season with a disastrous trip abroad and closed it with an unexpected defeat by Eleanor Goss, so that her critics have grounds for their claim that Molla is through. But they have overlooked several interesting items of her record this year.

Let me open my discussion by saying that Helen Wills at her best (and she was very much so in the women's championship) is quite capable of defeating any woman in the world, Suzanne Lenglen included. Her victory over Mrs. Mallory was clean cut, decisive and well merited, a victory which Mrs. Mallory herself told me was won by superior tennis and splendid generalship.

Early in the spring of 1923 Mrs. Mallory went to the Riviera to recuperate from an illness. She had no intention of playing serious tennis, but found the call of the court too great, so she entered the tournament play. Far off form, she suffered many unnecessary defeats. Yet even playing badly, she found her game for one day and defeated Kathleen McKane, the premier English player.

After a short return to America, Mrs. Mallory went unostentatiously to Wimbledon, where she reached the round of eight, only to lose a close match to Mrs.

Geraldine Beamish. Certainly her season to date had shown little or nothing. However, she has still to play the American tournaments. The first annual Wightman Cup match brought a team of English women, Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Covell and Miss Kitty MacKane, to our courts. Their crushing defeat is another story, told elsewhere.

Mrs. Mallory quickly found herself in America. She romped away with the Crescent Club tournament, beating Helen Wills decisively. She won at Seabright, crushing Mrs. Covell, Miss McKane and Miss Goss. During the season she defeated Miss McKane and Mrs. Beamish four times each, always in straight sets, and Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Covell three each by the same score. Her only defeats in America were by Helen Wills in the National Singles and by Eleanor Goss at Philadelphia in a very late tournament.

There is no doubt in my mind but that Mrs. Mallory is still the premier player in America, day in and day out over the whole year. Many say that she is through. I cannot see it, any more than I can believe that Billy Johnston's sun has set. To be seven years a champion, with all the rest of the players camping on your trail, is to bear a tremendous mental strain. In 1924 Helen Wills must bear the burden of defending the title, while Mrs. Mallory will be but one of the field seeking to de-

throne her. Molla will sense the same inspiration that all others in America have felt against her for seven long years. I expect to see the inspiration carry Mrs. Mallory back in 1924 to the throne which she has held so long.

Let us not forget that in the years she has been in America she has given freely of her time and skill to aid the game in our country ; that she is a true American and long a worthy holder of our championship. We all rejoice in the rise of Helen Wills, a charming little portion of American girlhood and a player whose prowess is worthy of her crown, yet in our pride at her achievement let us not lose sight of the greatness of Molla Mallory. She will come back !

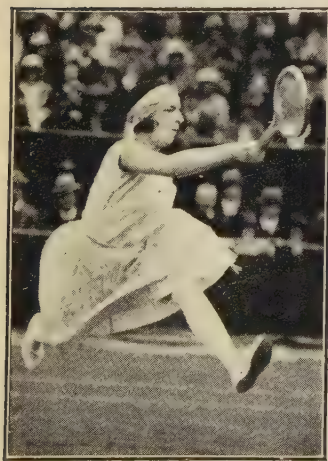
I do not want to give the impression by my admiration of Mrs. Mallory and her sportsmanship that I under-estimate or under-value our national champion, Helen Wills. This marvellous little player from California is the most unique personality in the world of women's tennis and seems destined to eclipse even the great Suzanne Lenglen. Where has there been so quaint a personality, so magnificent a game and so representative a specimen of American womanhood in the annals of American tennis as are combined in this young school girl ? It is the wholesomeness of Helen Wills, the honesty, sincerity and charm of her



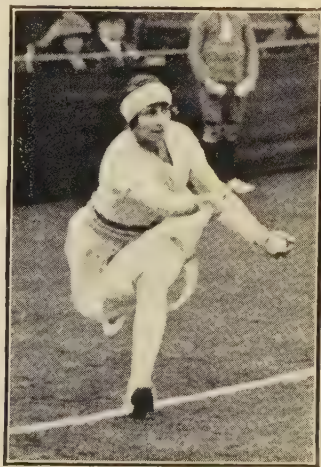
MARY KENDALL BROWNE (U.S.A.)



MRS. MOLLA MALLORY (U.S.A.)



SUZANNE LENGLEN



MISS KATHLEEN MCKANE

QUEENS OF THE COURT

that is far more interesting than her tennis, great as it is.

One is impressed first by the seriousness of purpose, when one meets Helen. Her calm analytical gaze, the smooth hair of light brown, drawn close to her head, the quiet clothes, modest yet attractive, and above all the nervously inquiring ring to her voice tell you that you have met a girl of a type unusual in these days of flappers and finale hoppers. She does not seem to belong to the period. Then one sees her on the tennis court. Now her face is set in a grim, sphinx-like determination. Her tennis costume discloses the fact that Helen Wills is of a more amazonic type than you suspected at the first meeting. Only the hidden twinkle in the corner of the eye, or the somewhat bashful smile after an error, shows the sense of humour without which Helen Wills would be lost, for everyone but herself is likely to regard her tennis in too serious a light. It is a glorious game with which Helen Wills is working her way to the top of the tennis world. It has not the fluidity of stroke and the grace of movement that characterizes the exhibitions of Suzanne Lenglen or Kitty McKane, nor yet the perfect technique of Mary Browne or Hazel Wightman. One does not see the footwork of Molla Mallory, yet the crude power of the shots, the vital magnetic force of the whole game, even its defects of footwork and stroke, stamp

Helen Wills as a genius of the courts. Her footwork is bad. I hear that she is studying Russian dancing to remedy this defect. Her sense of court position is far from flawless, yet seldom have I seen greater power with less effort than in the game of Helen Wills.

The modest retiring manner of the girl almost makes one forget one is watching or meeting the champion of the United States. One seldom sees Helen except when she is actually on the court in competition. She arrives punctually for her match and departs at once on its completion. Helen's mother always accompanies her and successfully sees to it that during the tournament season tennis is the uppermost thought and paramount issue in Helen's existence. I believe that in Helen Wills the United States has a personality who will be a dominant figure in sport for many years. Only marriage, which might force Helen out of tennis, seems to stand between her and the championship of the world. Long live the Queen, Helen Wills!

I have gone into detail, possibly too much detail, and have drawn a picture of this large group of great stars to point out one salient fact. The universal quality—one might say, the highest common divisor—of the tennis-playing women of the world is the splendid sportsmanship and general appreciation of their rivals that unites this group. Surely any game

which builds up a woman physically, and one might say, morally and spiritually, as tennis unquestionably does with its sterling ethics, is a game to which any woman can turn with a certainty of a reward for the effort expended.

CHAPTER VIII

PERSONALITIES OF THE TENNIS WORLD

IT seems to be a popular fallacy that there is nothing new under the sun, yet every year new and interesting personalities arise in the tennis world to shine in the glory of their achievements, not dimming the brilliance of our old stars, but shedding a new radiance of their own. A few of the men of whom I shall write have been known for some years, others, unknown until last year, burst suddenly on the tennis world. A writer—least of all, I—cannot, at this time, add much to the fame and honour of such men as my Davis Cup team mates W. M. Johnston, R. N. Williams, 2nd, and Vincent Richards. Their places are assured ; their positions as the outstanding figures in the United States tennis world of the present are unassailable. They have brought back the Davis Cup and defended it over a period of years. Their games, their sportsmanship and their personalities are household knowledge to all who follow tennis. Yet I feel that I

cannot pass on to the others without a few words of tribute to our outstanding trio.

WILLIAM M. JOHNSTON

United States

I am not going to attempt to write a glowing tribute to Johnston. His record is far more eloquent than any words of mine. Let me draw a picture of a short slight man who, by force of will and fighting spirit has made himself the greatest tennis machine that the world has ever seen. Johnston has not the tennis genius of Brookes nor the sensational style of catlike grace of Alonso, but for beauty of stroke, perfect court position, courage and sportsmanship Johnston stands a model for all to follow. There is no flaw in Johnston's game except his physical limitation of height. Even this handicap he has obviated until one forgets it. His ground game is magnificently produced; his forehand drive the finest in the world, and his backhand, once defensive, now a splendid offensive slice-drive. Johnston's high volleying is beyond cavil, while his overhead, though not severe, is unusually effective. His low volleys and half volleys are far above the average; his service looks easy and proves exceedingly difficult. This great tennis machine, driven by a keen brain, even if not one of genius like Brookes, backed by the determination

and never-say-die spirit of the little Californian, make Billy Johnston the hardest man to beat that I have ever met. I have seen him win matches when nothing but his courage kept him on his feet.

Johnston is a small, quiet, retiring personality. He is on the border line of thirty. His silent exterior covers a keen sense of humour and a natural aptitude for games. He shares with me a passion for auction bridge. Our struggles over a card table are more frequent and even more bitterly contested than those on the tennis court. Johnston has one tennis idiosyncrasy, an old cap, which he wears in all his big matches. I have reached the point now where I can judge the progress of Johnston's match by the angle of his cap, which may register distinctly satisfaction, disgust, determination, amusement and finis. Johnston's reserve, his clean-cut sportsmanship and sense of fair play have made him one of the most popular stars who have trod the courts of the United States.

R. N. WILLIAMS, 2ND

United States

Where can one point to a figure who has thrilled his admirers more often, or dashed their hopes more frequently than R. N. Williams, 2nd, of Philadelphia? Where is there a more unique, pleasing personality, brilliant scintillating game or more

hopeless enigma than Williams? I have been a Williams rooter ever since I first watched him in action, a few short weeks after his arrival in the United States from the ill-fated *Titanic* on which he was returning home from his studies abroad. Williams and I are almost of an age, yet when first I saw him he was a great player, second only to Maurice McLoughlin, while I was the Great Dub. Williams was everything I longed to be: a great player, a fascinating personality, a schoolboy's hero, a romantic figure in the world of sport, and to me an unknown idol to be worshipped from afar. To-day, after ten years of friendship with Williams, he is all of these things still, except unknown. There is a glamour about Williams and his tennis that other men do not possess. I think it is hidden in the nonchalant, almost careless manner, in which Williams plays the game. There is nothing of conceit or offensive egotism in Williams, yet one senses his confidence in himself and his game and, above all, the love of playing that game. His style is individual, always playing the ball on the rising bounce. He introduced this method of play to America. He makes the most marvellous shots—and inexcusable errors—with the same superb ease that I would put over a service to a child. One sometimes wonders if Williams ever thinks about the game. I have heard many of his critics assert

that he simply hits the ball and lets it go at that, yet I cannot share their views. I do not consider Williams a deep student of the game, yet he has his own ideas of how it should be played and he adheres to them rigidly in victory or defeat. In fact, it is this unwillingness to temporize, this inflexibility of purpose that usually is responsible for the defeats that Williams suffers, and they are few. The slight air of reserve, the distinct dash of humour, the merry touch of boyishness in Williams' manner combine to form a unique charm that most people who know him or see him find irresistible. No account of great tennis players or tennis personalities would be complete without the name of R. N. Williams, 2nd, placed well toward the front.

VINCENT RICHARDS

United States

The third member of our mighty trio will go down to tennis history as "The School Boy Wonder," "The Junior Champion," "The Infant Prodigy," and other appellations of this order. I fully expect to see Richards referred to by these titles long after he is an old married man with a long grey beard or some other equally distinctive sign of age, for when the Press has once christened a player by such a name, the label adheres for life. Richards is twenty-one, of medium height, slight and attractive. There

is a peculiar combination of the charm of youth and the sophistication of age in the manner of Richards. One cannot be quite certain whether to present him with a bottle—or a flask.

His tennis game is interesting yet not superlative. Ever since I first met Richards, who was then fifteen, I have urged him vainly to learn a sound ground game. He will not learn a top spin drive, preferring to slice his shots. His volleying is beyond criticism. He is the finest volleyer the world has ever known, greater in technique than Norman Brookes or Holcombe Ward, although not as subtle a thinker as either of them. The strength of Richards' game lies in his net attack and a spirit of competition that refuses to recognize defeat. There has never been a boy in his teens who has approached the record made by Vincent Richards. He stands out like a lighthouse above the sea of junior stars. Notwithstanding this fact, I believe that such youngsters as Sandy Wiener and Donald Strechan of Philadelphia, Arnold W. Jones as a Junior, Emmet Pare of Chicago and Howard Langlie of Seattle, show greater promise of future development, greater possibilities as Davis Cup Stars and world's champions than Vincent Richards. Form is essential in youth. Sound foundation must be laid to build upon. Richards triumphed in spite of his game, not because of it, owing to his gift of competitive spirit. Place the game of

Wiener, Jones or Langlie on Richards' temperament and it would become far greater than Richards ever will. Yet do not mistake my attitude. I consider Richards one of the great players of the world. I only regret the defects that stunt his development and hold him back from the full heights he might achieve. His attractive court manner and splendid sportsmanship have won him an enviable place in the public eye. The great mass of the public loves children, and Vincent Richards will always be the child of American tennis, the Wonder Boy of the courts, the *enfant terrible* of the Net.

OUR FOREIGN STARS

It is hard to accord the place of honour, the first selection of any one of a group that includes such stars as Manuel Alonso and Count de Gomar of Spain, J. O. Anderson, Gerald L. Patterson, Pat O'Hara-Wood and J. B. Hawkes of Australia, Henri Cochet, René La Coste, Jean Brugnon and Jacques Borotra of France, Zenzo Shimidzu and Masanosuke Fukuda of Japan, Max Woosnam and J. P. Wheatley of England, Brian I. C. Norton of South Africa and Jean Washer of Belgium. Possibly it is my very close friendship for him that prompts me to turn first to that Beau Brummel of the courts, the Rodolph Valentino of tennis, the leading player of Europe, Manuel Alonso of Spain.

MANUEL ALONSO

Spain

A flashing figure in white, tearing across a tennis court, a swish of a racket, a ping of the ball on the strings, a howl of surprise and applause from the gallery for a perfect shot off a seemingly impossible recovery. Manuel Alonso has won another hopelessly lost point.

This is my most vivid tennis impression of the dashing young Spanish champion. It is three years since I first met Manuel Alonso. He was playing at Wimbledon in the 1921 World's Championship when he came to my knowledge, and with my first glimpse of him I gained one of the real thrills of my tennis career. Alonso is of great height, slight in figure, dark, almost swarthy, handsome in a distinctly Latin type, nervous, energetic and fascinating, in a pictorial sense, with every movement. His speed of foot is marvellous. He seems tireless, as if strung on wires, and graceful beyond the average. Alonso is twenty-seven years old, single and an engineer. I do not know when Alonso began to play tennis. He gained much of his speed of foot in "Pilato," the famous game of Spain which is a cross between La Crosse and Racquets. His tennis game is a marvellous piece of artistry. There are few weaknesses in it. His ground strokes, forehand and backhand are beautiful

long sweeping drives which he can hit straight down the line or cross court with equal accuracy. He volleys well ; not decisively, but with good judgment as to placement. His overhead is inclined to be erratic but at times is very good. Only his service is weak ; he uses too much waste motion for the ensuing result. It is in Alonso's marvellous court-covering ability, his astounding speed of foot and his courage and fighting ability that his greatest strength lies. He is one of the greatest players in the world on hard or dirt courts, while his grass court game is rapidly coming up to his best standard. I believe that he is destined to be the premier player of the world within the next five years. It is the lack of experience (he has only had three years of hard tournament competition) that to-day costs Alonso matches which he should win. He is one of the most splendid of sportsmen that I ever have known, generous in victory and defeat, while his sensational style, sparkling personality and winning smile make him an idol of the galleries wherever he plays.

J. O. ANDERSON

Australia

I am not attempting to offer any logical explanation for the order in which I place the men of whom I write. I fancy that I am picking Anderson second

because stylistically he is the exact antithesis of Manuel Alonso.

Tall, ungainly, almost awkward, taciturn, grim, unsmiling, yet interesting and to a great majority of all who see him, fascinating, J. O. Anderson of Australia brings a new force into the tennis world. One feels a ruthlessness, a devastating power in Anderson's game. The tremendous punishing forehead wallop followed by the sliding yet speedy advance to the net and the ultimate, crushing volley makes the spectator feel that before him is a juggernaut of the tennis world, pulverizing his victims without mercy. Suddenly a flashing smile, a gleam of white teeth and a shake of the long head and the spectator senses a warmth that he had not suspected. Anderson is suddenly revealed as human. It is a striking example of the dual tennis personality of the great Australian star. One cannot question the power of Anderson's game. I cannot say that I regard him as one upon whom to model the whole game, yet he has certain strokes that are masterly in their conception and perfect in their execution. The flat forehand drive, hit with the short snappy swing which conceals the direction until the ball is struck, is a marvel of effectiveness for little effort. It is this drive, the long legs that carry Anderson over the court at incredible speed for all his seeming slowness, his fine high volley and his service and over-

head that are absolutely first-class tennis equipment. Anderson's backhand is weak, and his low volley and half volley only average, yet undoubtedly, at his best, Anderson is one of the greatest players in the world.

I cannot decide whether Anderson is as strong as his best shot or as weak as his worst, for he fluctuates so greatly that I have never decided whether his game collapses when you reach his weakness or whether you are able to reach his weakness because his strength has crumbled. I believe that Anderson has reached the point he has attained because he is a profound egoist. (Please do not think I am saying egotist.) He has a supreme confidence which he seems to have justified fully during the year of 1922. It is the egoism of his game that gives the impression of ruthlessness in plan which is so often belied by his charming smile and generous acknowledgment of his opponent's good shots. J. O. Anderson is a personality who adds colour and interest to every event in which he participates. I trust that his recently announced decision to retire will be rescinded and that he will be a prominent figure in international tennis for years to come.

GERALD L. PATTERSON

Australia

Australia breeds personalities. The greatest of all tennis personalities was an Australian, Norman E.

Brookes. It is within the past five years that another Australian has risen to fame, one who in his way is as distinct a personality as Norman E. Brookes—Gerald L. Patterson, World's Champion in 1920 and 1922, Davis Cup Star and Sportsman *par excellence*. I am a great admirer of Gerald Patterson, tennis player and man. I cannot say that I consider his game truly great. It is in spite of his tennis technical equipment, not because of it, that Patterson is one of the finest match players I have ever known. His game has two great assets, service and overhead; outside of these two superlative strokes, it is little if any above that of the average first flight man. Yet Patterson is one of the great players of the world. Why is it? Because he has courage, determination, nerve and personality in abundance. Big, powerful, splendidly built, magnetic, yet to many spectators dour, arrogant and supercilious, Gerald Patterson is one of the most generous sportsmen I have ever met. Patterson is a hard-working tennis player. If he appears indifferent to the public and its wishes, on the court, it is because he is so firmly concentrated on his match that he has forgotten the public. It takes a mighty will to force second-class weapons to produce first-class results, yet Patterson does it. Many who know Gerald Patterson well wish that the public would recognize more fully his sense of justice and

his friendliness. The American audiences sensed it and he was a popular favourite. The British public did not, and he was not accorded the popularity that he deserved. He is the nephew of Dame Nellie Melba, the famous opera singer, and in Gerald's tennis is a flash of the temperament that has made Mme. Melba world renowned. If I could recommend to the young star only one fighting tennis player on which to model his tennis temperament I should be strongly tempted to pick Gerald Patterson.

BRIAN I. C. NORTON

South Africa

Brian I. C. Norton is the Charlie Chaplin of tennis. He is the clever comedian who delights his audiences, but whose clowning nevertheless is the result of conscious showmanship and the mask for sound tennis artistry. Brian Norton—"Babe" to all the world—is a great tennis player, if not quite so great as his natural ability warrants. Norton is of medium height, slight, quick and graceful, full of irrepressible and irresistible good nature and possesses an undying sense of humour. He delights in all manner of mannerisms that delight the gallery. His well placed kick of an offending tennis ball which he has netted, would be criticized in any other player, but in Babe it is enjoyed. His varied head-gears, caps, soft hats and other coverings which he introduces

into his various matches are part of Babe's appeal. They are as distinctly part of his "make-up" as if he were on the stage. He plays tennis because he loves it, the joy of running and hitting the ball appeals to him. He seldom takes tennis seriously. If he did, he would be a far greater player than he is, for he has a game of few weaknesses. He plays the modern all court game, driving well forehand and backhand, combining with this sound ground game one of the cleverest net attacks I have ever seen. His service is excellent and used with good judgment. His overhead is severe but erratic. His speed of foot in court covering is second only to that of Manuel Alonso, while his sense of anticipation is wonderful.

It is the theatrical angle to Norton's temperament that often defeats him. He enjoys the whole dramatic value of the game so much that he is likely to lose sight of the ultimate goal of victory in his development of the situation as a spectacle. His intuitive sense of comedy prohibits his acquiring the ruthless determination that every great player must have in the crucial moment. Norton has the tennis equipment, both physical and mental, to go to the heights but his temperamental individuality, which makes him the interesting personality that he is, stands between him and the absolute peak of the tennis world.

ZENZO SHIMIDZU

Japan

Once more I take the jump from one extreme to the other, from Norton to Zenzo Shimidzu of Japan. I can think of no greater contrast in the tennis world than that presented by Norton and Shimidzu. Shimidzu is the greatest player Japan has yet produced, and, at his best, one of the finest match competitors I have ever faced. Shimidzu is short, and slight for a Japanese, although on the court he gives the impression of stockiness, and he is wholly inscrutable. There is a grave solemnity about his play that makes you feel that some serious business is under way. The mysteries of the Orient lie in his eyes, the subtleties of the Far East in the brain that directs that puzzling, wholly unorthodox game of his. One cannot consider Shimidzu a great tennis player, judging purely by standards of form, for he has form in the accepted sense of the word. Yet he is not only a great player, but he is one of the greatest, if one judges him by results ; and after all, tennis is a game of results. Shimidzu has beaten J. O. Anderson, Randolph Lycett, J. B. Hawkes and others and carried R. N. Williams, 2nd, Vincent Richards, W. M. Johnston and myself to the limit before yielding to defeat.

How can one describe Shimidzu's game? His

forehand is queer, his service seemingly nil, his volley not there at all. Only his backhand is good, yet for all his shortcomings he wins. The answer lies in Shimidzu himself. The little Japanese is a close student of tennis, just as he is of everything he touches. Endowed with a brilliant mind, but handicapped with a faulty stroke equipment, Shimidzu realizes that his only chance of success is in his generalship. He bases his whole game on steadiness, accuracy and placement. Tireless, active, and remarkably fleet of foot, Shimidzu returns the most difficult shots. His impassibility, grave courtesy and quiet sportsmanship win your admiration and, during a long match, finally get on your nerves. You wish he would show emotion just once. In his immaculate white flannels and shirt, topped off with a Panama hat, Shimidzu reminds you of a mechanical Japanese doll with the charm and mystery of his native land wrapped about him. He is a magnificent sportsman in victory and defeat, a man who has brought honour to tennis and a personality who stands unique in its annals.

MASANOSUKE FUKUDA

Japan

There is not much to say of Fukuda, for in the general type of his personality he carries something

of the same quaintness as Shimidzu. It is a racial characteristic of the Japanese. Fukuda in 1924 is not the great match player that Shimidzu is acknowledged to be, yet potentially he is far greater. Fukuda has a much sounder game than any Japanese player I have yet seen. He hits his strokes flat, fast and aggressively. There is no deceptive grip to hold back his development hopelessly. He volleys well and his overhead is magnificent. Fukuda's one great weakness is his lack of experience against top-flight players, but this will quickly be remedied, for he is now living in America, where he will speedily pick up all the tournament training he needs. Fukuda is short but much heavier than Shimidzu and far more powerful. He is, like his countryman, a fine sportsman and charming opponent, courteous and generous in his play. I believe that Fukuda will be one of the great players of the world within five years. He is still young. He won the National Championship of Japan in 1922 before coming to the United States.

HENRI COCHET

France

I am a strong admirer of France. I enjoy French opera, French plays (even if I cannot speak French), and last but not least French tennis. My chief delight in French tennis, now that my good friend

André H. Gobert, the most perfect stylist the game has known, has retired from International competition, is Henri Cochet, the French Davis Cup star. Cochet in 1922 was the sensation of European tennis. In 1923 he was a sad disappointment, yet I am still convinced that he will some day be one of the leading players of the world. France seems destined to supply a tennis sensation a year. In 1920 it was Brugnon, in 1921 Borotra, in 1922 Cochet and 1923 La Coste. Among all these young players, Henri Cochet stands apart as the most individual if not necessarily the greatest. Cochet is short, slightly inclined toward stockiness, graceful, speedy and sensational. He is the Manuel Alonso of France. Young, handsome and debonair, he is a favourite with all the galleries. It is a peculiar game which Cochet has developed. He has splendid orthodox drives, he volleys well and he has a fine overhead, yet he seems to delight in standing around mid-court and using a half volley or drive off the rising bound, even more radical than that of R. N. Williams, 2nd. There is daring, almost too much, in Cochet's tennis. There is grace, speed and finesse, yet somewhere there is a flaw. I think it is in his defence. His love of the unusual often leads him into such incorrect court positions that even his great technical skill cannot save him. If Cochet were willing to use

more orthodox strokes until his opening came to play his favourite half-volleys, he might reach the very crests of the tennis world. He drives with a peculiar short, flat swing that disguises the direction of his shot until the ball is hit. His backhand is particularly sound, a characteristic of the young French players of to-day, while his ability to cover court makes up for his lack of reach. He has less of the excitable French temperament than many of his predecessors, yet a tendency towards carelessness and listlessness offsets his restraint in many matches. I know of no player who is more interesting to watch, nor of one who is a more instructive study to a student of the game, than Henri Cochet. I hope and believe that his slump in 1923 is only temporary, a hope that seems destined to be fulfilled, since Cochet defeated La Coste in five sets in the French Covered Court Championship early in 1924.

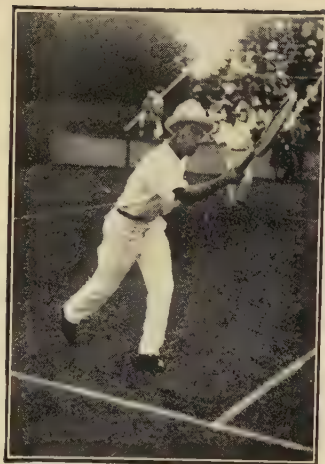
RENÉ LA COSTE

France

Every country has its "schoolboy wonder." They usually remain "the schoolboy wonder" long after their college days, as well as their school-days, are merely memories. Harold Throckmorton, Charles Garland and Vincent Richards are still "Schoolboy Wonders" to many reporters in the United States. René La Coste is the "Schoolboy



MASANOSUKE FUKUDA (JAPAN)



ZENZO SHIMIDZU (JAPAN)



RENE LA COSTE (FRANCE)



HENRI COCHET (FRANCE)

SOME FOREIGN STARS

Wonder" of France. La Coste is young, but not quite so young as the Press would have one believe. He is nineteen, of medium height, stocky, and inclined to be slow in movement, yet many critics consider him the greatest tennis player of France. There is no question about La Coste's great skill. His record in 1923 was very impressive, including victories over Count de Gomar, Francis T. Hunter, Henri Cochet and other stars. La Coste has not the French sparkle which holds such a fascination for me. His game is more of the machine-like, business type. He seldom provides the thrill of enthusiasm that rises when one is watching Gobert, Brugnon, Borotra, or Cochet, and yet La Coste is the equal of any of these players. The methodical precision of his movements, the suave glide of his walk, the inscrutable mask of a face, shielded by a small cap, pulled down over his eyes, is in no degree French. There is almost an air of the East in his sphinx-like face. His game has a few faults. One cannot praise his footwork highly or approve of his forehand drive. There are technical faults in his volleying, yet La Coste triumphs over his defects and produces first-class results. His backhand is beautiful, and he favours it whenever possible. He is very steady and accurate, a cool, crafty court general and a dogged fighter. He is far more on the order of a British star with some of

the Japanese characteristics added than he is of the French school. There is a fatalistic determination to do or die that is strangely at variance with the spirit of all the other French players I have ever known. If only La Coste had speed of shot and speed of foot, he would be a serious contender for premier honours. To-day he is just too soft to stand against the power of such games as those of William M. Johnston, J. O. Anderson or Gerald Patterson.

JACQUES BOROTRA

France

Jacques Borotra, the young Covered Court Champion, 1924, of France, is a picturesque figure. Tall, graceful, agile, and impetuous, Borotra is an eccentric tennis player. He dashes around the court in the most sensational style, making marvellous shots from difficult positions one moment, only to fall down on the easiest shot imaginable in the next. I have no idea how to describe his game. It is unorthodox, peculiar, individual and interesting. His grip is strange, his ground strokes unique in form, his volley queer. His footwork reminds one of Russian dancing. Yet Borotra plays fine tennis. I cannot regard him as the equal of Cochet or La Coste as a possible future champion of the world. Borotra is typically French. One moment

he is bursting with *joie de vie*, volatile, bubbling, magnetic. Suddenly something occurs to upset his equilibrium and Borotra collapses like a pricked toy balloon, and with him goes his game. It is either the heights or depths with him, but no matter in which extreme he is playing, he retains his interesting personality. He affects long hair, brushed straight back, hair so long that it sweeps his eyes if not held in place. His manner of controlling his unwieldy, Samson-like locks is simple yet picturesque. It consists of a bright-coloured tam-o'-shanter, usually of plush, so beloved by French painters in the movie-Bohemian quarter of Paris. This bright "tam" dashing from side to side on the court, bobbing up and down as Borotra bounces about, has so fascinated me when I have watched him, that I fear I may have underestimated the real value of his game. I know that his speed of foot is remarkable, his energy, if once aroused, prodigious, and that his vitality is unbounded, yet somehow I cannot regard Borotra seriously, except as a unique and colourful personality in tennis.

JEAN BRUGNON

France

The last member of the quartet of young French stars, Jean Brugnon, is the least formidable of the group. Brugnon is one of those players who spring

a great day once every season and then sink back into the rut of mediocrity. Yet I maintain that any man who can produce so great a game at times is potentially capable of doing so with some consistency, and must be seriously considered in the future. Brugnon, on one of his great days, defeated Mannel Alonso at Wimbledon in 1922 and carried the same player to five sets in the United States championship matches in 1923. It is hard to decide why Brugnon is, at times, a great tennis player, and at others almost second class. His game, like Borotra's, is inclined to be somewhat unorthodox as to stroke, and eccentric as to footwork. Brugnon has neither the eccentricity nor the magnetism of Borotra, nor his flights of temperament nor flaming energy. He is sounder in his judgment, slightly more sound in his style, but I am inclined to believe that he has not the aggressive attack and determination to win that is needed to carry him to the championship flight. Brugnon is young, somewhere in his early twenties, of medium height, dark, lithe, and handsome. I have heard him referred to as the Antonio Moreno of tennis. Brugnon will do one of two things within a few years. Either he will consolidate his game and temperament and go on to fame, or he will slowly fade out of the picture as an internationalist.

CHAPTER IX

PERSONALITIES OF THE TENNIS WORLD

(continued)

PAT O'HARA-WOOD

Australia

PAT O'HARA-WOOD is one of the greatest doubles players the world has ever known, and one of the most popular players who has ever trod a court. I hardly know which is the outstanding point about Pat Wood, his tennis or himself. He is of medium height, inclined to be stocky, verging on the middle thirties as to age, and in the "veteran internationalist" class as to tennis. One can hardly pick a flaw in his tennis technique. There is about O'Hara-Wood's strokes a finesse, a polish that defies criticism. He has no weaknesses, and yet, by the same standard, he has no outstanding strength. If one must pick a flaw in Wood's game it is lack of speed and absence of the final punch. This is the reason that he has never attained the heights in singles that he has in doubles. Yet where can one

point to prettier execution of stroke than in the drives, volleys and overhead of Pat O'Hara-Wood? In my judgment, only Norman Brookes is the equal of O'Hara-Wood. There has never been, and I seriously question if there ever will be, another master of doubles like Brookes. O'Hara-Wood is his only rival. Paired with William M. Johnston, I have played Brookes and O'Hara-Wood three times, and they defeated us twice—the only matches that Johnston and I have lost as a team. O'Hara-Wood has a brilliant, analytic brain, a mind that is always studying. He hides much of this under a merry, amusing, cheery exterior, but behind his careless, clever banter O'Hara-Wood is working out his problem.

I know of no man in tennis who combines sportsmanship of the highest type, humour of the cleverest vein, charm of manner and real mental brilliance with tennis of a finer style more successfully than Pat O'Hara-Wood.

J. B. HAWKES

Australia

J. B. Hawkes, the young left-handed star of the Antipodes, has made his mark in the tennis world and is recognized as one of the leading players. Hawkes is in his early twenties, of medium height,

rather slim, quiet, reserved and retiring. He is not a colourful person on the court. There is little magnetic appeal or thrilling dynamic energy to Hawkes, yet there is a quiet charm, a business-like determination, and a modest sportsmanship that has won him deserved popularity. His game is not great ; there are too many defects. His forehand is hit with too much effort, owing to his over-stressing the top spin and his bad footwork. His backhand is purely defensive. He volleys well, his overhead is reliable, and his outstanding feature is a peculiar wide breaking, exaggerated American twist service that carries his opponent far out of court. It is Hawkes' willingness to work for every point, his fighting qualities, and good court generalship that win for him rather than his tennis equipment. I cannot see him as a member of that group of Australian champions that include Brookes, Wilding, Patterson and Anderson, but Hawkes is undoubtedly a very fine tennis player, who, by virtue of sincere effort, has reached the position he has attained. Hawkes is a better doubles player than he is a singles star. This is attributable to his lack of speed off the ground and his really excellent net game. I believe that Hawkes was the superior of Anderson in doubles during the 1923 Davis Cup season. I arrived at this judgment after seeing them in action against Japan, France, and the United

States as well as in the American Doubles Championship. If Hawkes could improve his footwork and replace some of his exaggerated spin with speed, he might become one of the absolutely top-flight men.

COUNT MANUEL DE GOMAR

Spain

Second only to Manuel Alonso in Spain is Count Manuel de Gomar. Alonso and the Count are to Spain what Billy Johnston and I have been to the United States. They are known as "Los Duos Manoelos," or "the two Manuels," just as Johnston and I are "Little Bill" and "Big Bill."

Count de Gomar is a man about thirty, dark, handsome, and aristocratic in bearing. He is of medium height and inclined towards weight. His game has not the easy grace of that of Manuel Alonso, nor the driving dynamic force, but it is a well-executed, well-rounded game of good form and pace. De Gomar is essentially a baseliner, but he has a net attack which he can use when pressed. There is no question that Count de Gomar is one of the leading players in Europe. In 1922 he defeated Pat O'Hara-Wood in the Davis Cup, and in the 1923 Davis Cup Competition he lost but one match, that to La Coste of France, and scored

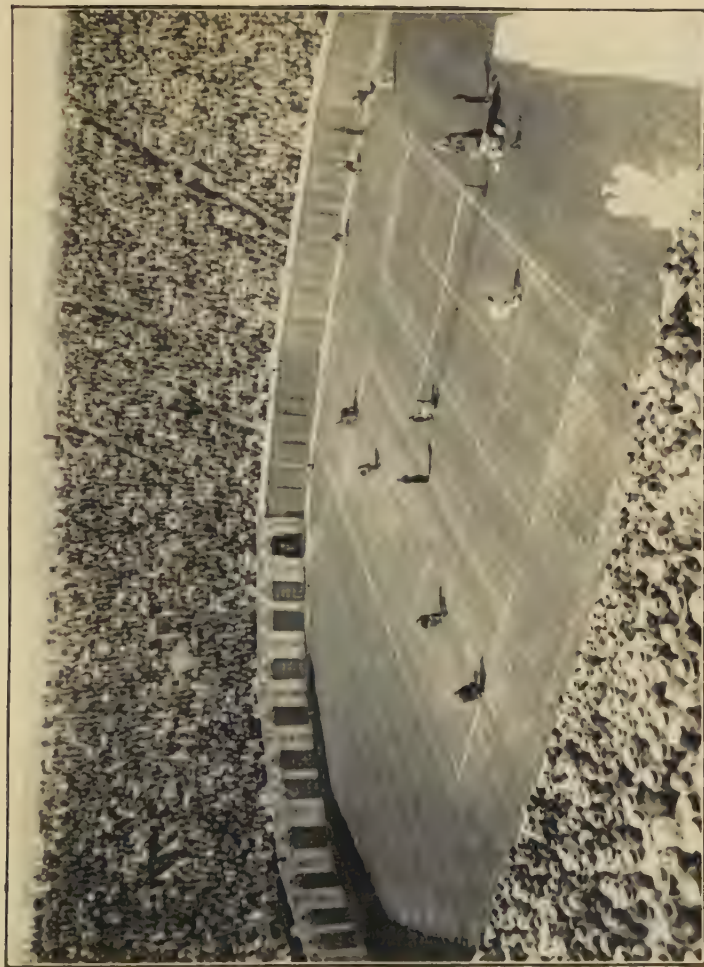
several notable victories, including one over Randolph Lycett. Count de Gomar speaks very little English, so my knowledge of his tennis is due entirely to observation and not from anything I could learn of his views on the game. My Spanish is far worse than his English. I would say that his place is the result of hard work and a keen desire to be a tennis player rather than to any great natural ability. He does not seem to be a deep student of the game, yet he shows a fair knowledge of the laws of tactics. His quiet manner, striking appearance and modest sporting instinct make him popular with the galleries wherever he plays.

MAX WOOSNAM

England

In choosing my two players from England I feel I must make some explanation for the omission of Col. A. R. F. Kingscote, J. C. Parke (really an Irishman), and Randolph Lycett, undoubtedly the three leading stars of the British Isles. J. C. Parke definitely retired in 1920 following the Davis Cup matches, a loss to tennis than can never be replaced, for Parke was one of the greatest players and finest sportsmen of all time. Col. Kingscote has played no tennis for two years, and, while I believe that he is still the best player in England, he may have

passed permanently from the picture—another serious loss to the tennis world. Randolph Lycett, the mainstay of the English Davis Cup team in 1922 and 1923, was once an Australian player, and I cannot feel that I should give him preference over the two young stars who may carry England back to her place in the tennis sun. Max Woosnam, the leading English Davis Cup star, is a notable figure in English sport. He is a young man, somewhere in the neighbourhood of thirty (almost a child in English tennis), large, powerfully built, blond and handsome. Tennis is but one of his activities. Like J. C. Parke before him, Max Woosnam is one of the most famous Rugby players and track men in England. His tennis is typically British—steady, reliable, fighting, courageous old-style tennis. I cannot say that I believe that Woosnam will ever lead the world in tennis, but I admire those qualities of courage, perseverance, determination and clean sportsmanship that make Woosnam a personification of English sport. Just so long as England breeds men like Max Woosnam, there is no need to worry about her either politically, financially, internationally or athletically. England may be in the throes of a protracted tennis slump, yet I am firmly convinced that England will resume her place among the tennis leaders within a comparatively short time.



WHY TENNIS?

13,500 spectators packed the new tennis stadium at Forest Hill, U.S.A., for the final match of the Davis Cup competition between William T. Tilden, U.S.A. and Gerald P. P. Alcock, Australia, in the set—13,500 spectators for Why Tennis?

J. D. P. WHEATLEY

England

South Africa seems to run to four initial names. B. I. C. Norton is a product of that country and J. D. P. Wheatley was born there. Wheatley, who is now an English star, owing to his permanent residence in England, and his never having represented South Africa in tennis, is the one best bet for a great star for the British Isles. England has repudiated Norton (who is a greater player than Wheatley), because he was once nominated by South Africa in the Davis Cup, but Wheatley is eligible to play for her. Wheatley is in his early twenties, fairly tall and splendidly built. He is dark, heavily tanned from his years in South Africa, and a magnetic, vibrant, forceful personality, not unlike Norton, but without the comedy element of the latter's temperament. Wheatley has a fine game of the all-court type. His service is a fast American twist. He drives viciously off the ground, while his net attack is severe but erratic. I played him in practice several times at Wimbledon in 1921 and was impressed by his potential power. I understand that he has developed a good deal since then. He has the one great asset that English tennis of to-day lacks, namely speed and punch.

I am convinced that if two or three young stars

like Wheatley, who hit with speed and use the modern aggressive game, will come to the fore in English terms, the whole situation in England will improve. Wheatley may prove to be the saviour of the English tennis future. There are few flaws in Wheatley's technique. He lacks experience, court generalship and sound tactics. Above all, he needs to meet powerful games of his own type. Time and competition will remedy these defects. Wheatley is a most attractive personality, magnetic and with a nice dash of humour. He should prove one of the drawing cards in international tennis in future years.

JEAN WASHER

Belgium

I am including Jean Washer of Belgium because many critics believe that he is destined to be the premier player of Europe. They base their belief on his performance in carrying William M. Johnston to five sets in the final round of the Hard Court Championship of the World in 1923. This was a notable achievement, yet on this one performance I am not willing to go quite so far as many in his praise. There is no question about Washer's ability. He is a fine player. He is a man of thirty or more. He is tall, heavy, very powerful, and, for so large a man, quick on his feet. He has only one outstanding

feature to his game, a tremendous forehand drive, one of the most remarkable shots I have ever seen. He has little or nothing to back up this one great asset. In 1921 he went down to defeat to me 6-3, 6-3, 6-3 in the final round of the Hard Court Championship of the World, because he could not drive my slow, low, chop stroke, and had nothing else on which to rely. Vincent Richards, by the same method, blew him off the court at Wimbledon in 1923. I do not consider any one shot player absolutely first class, no matter how marvellous that shot may be. If Washer will acquire a backhand and net game to back up his forehand drive, as Francis T. Hunter has done (Hunter was also a man with only a forehand drive until 1923), then he may justify his admirers' claims for him as the premier player of Europe.

SOME PASSING COMMENTS

There are many players of which I wish I could write, but time and space forbid. The United States would yield Francis T. Hunter, Robert and Howard Kinsey, Carl Fischer, Harvey Snodgrass, Watson Washburn, and many others, some of whom I have touched upon in another portion of this volume. I wish that I could give Ichya Kumagae, André H. Gobert, Norman E. Brookes, and many other foreign stars the attention they deserve. Let

me close this chapter on personalities with just a suggestion of the names which will appear frequently in the future of American tennis.

I suggest Arnold W. Jones, J. M. Davies, Edward Herndon, F. T. Anderson, Phillip Bettins, Walter Thomas, Wilcox Adsit, Teddy Marsh, George Lott and "Bud" Chandler as names that you will see with increasing frequency in the next few years. Then Alexander L. ("Sandy") Wiener, Donald Strachan, Howard Langlie, Emmett Pare, Malcolm T. Hill, Alfred H. Chapin, Jr., Robert Carter and Herbert ("Bobby") Sellers will come along. I only hope that I shall be on hand to read of their triumphs with the same keen interest that I feel to-day in those of Johnston, Williams and Richards.

THE END



*Printed in Great Britain by
Butler & Tanner Ltd.,
Frome and London*

